DELL

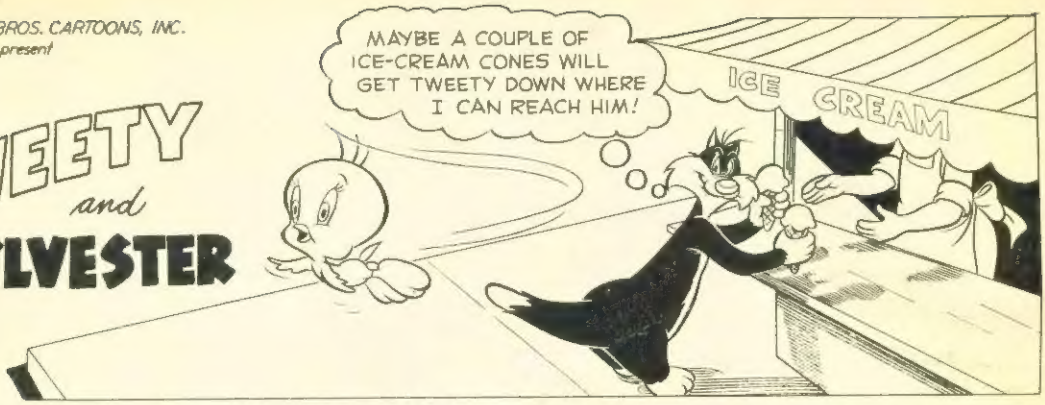
ECEMBER–FEBRUARY

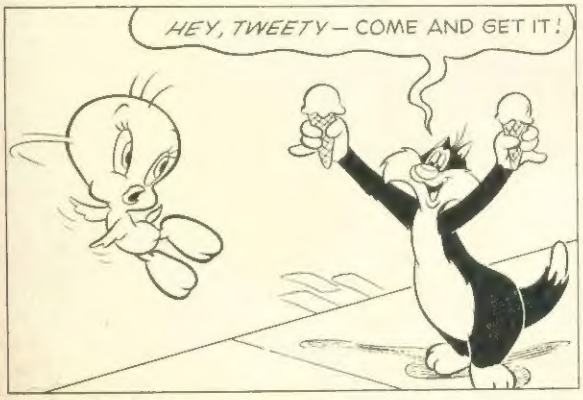
10¢

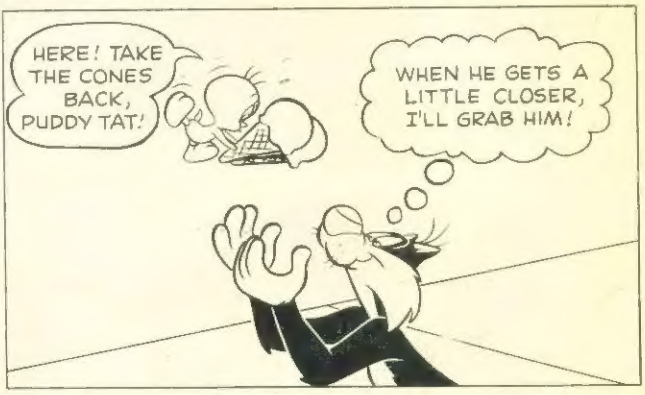
TWEETY and SYLVESTER

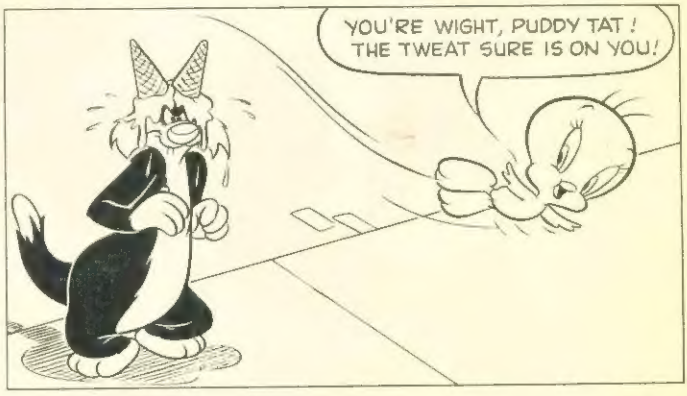
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.
present

TWEETY and SYLVESTER









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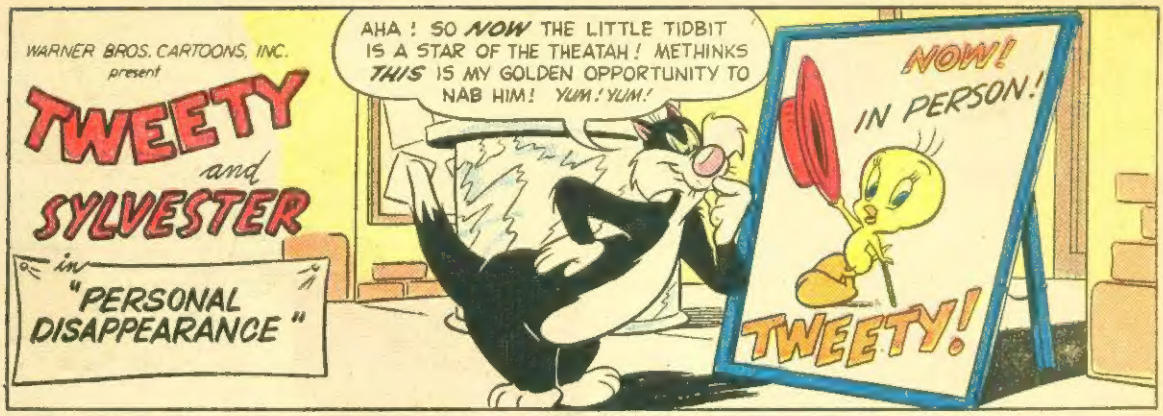
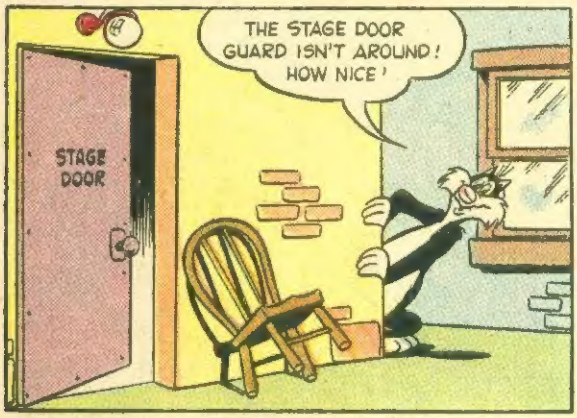
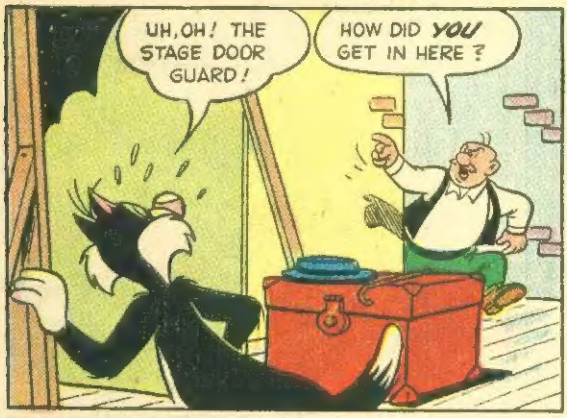
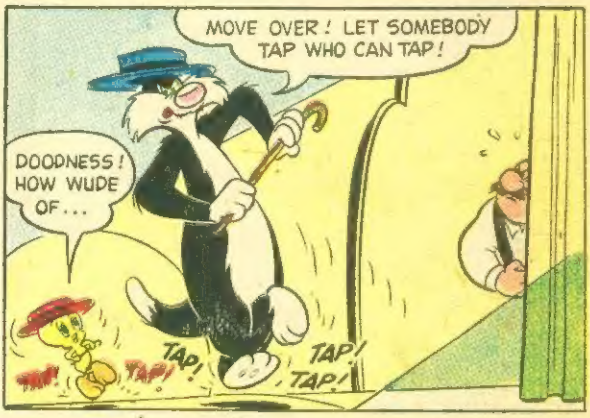
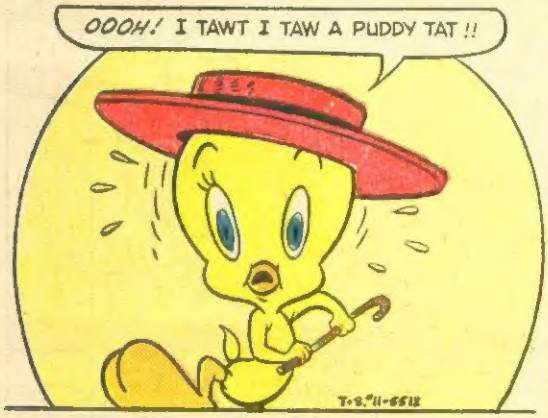

WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC.
present
TWEETY
and
SYLVESTER
in
"PERSONAL DISAPPEARANCE"
AHA! SO NOW THE LITTLE TIDBIT IS A STAR OF THE THEATAH! METHINKS THIS IS MY GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY TO NAB HIM! YUM! YUM!
NOW! IN PERSON!
TWEETY!

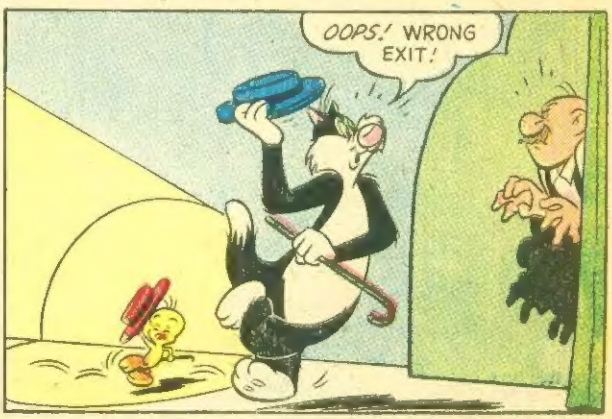

STAGE DOOR
THE STAGE DOOR GUARD ISN'T AROUND! HOW NICE!

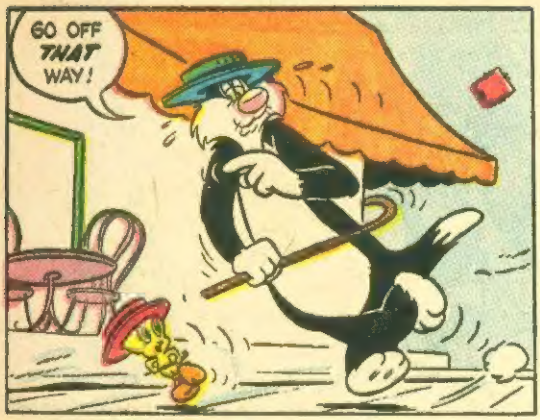
HE WON'T BE EXPECTING ME HERE! I'LL TAKE HIM COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE!
TAP!
TAP!

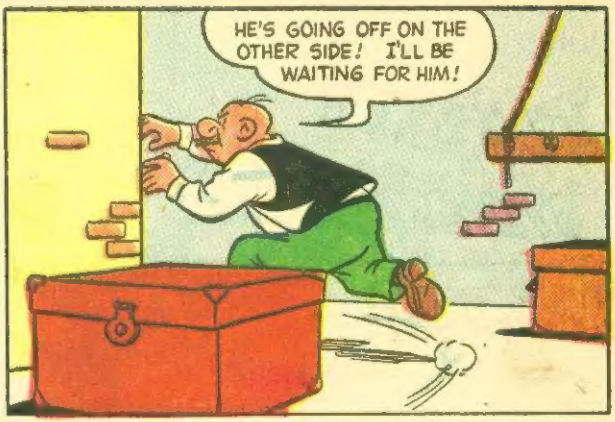

UH, OH! THE STAGE DOOR GUARD!
HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?


MOVE OVER! LET SOMEBODY TAP WHO CAN TAP!
DOODNESS! HOW WUDE OF...
TAP!
TAP!
TAP!
TAP!

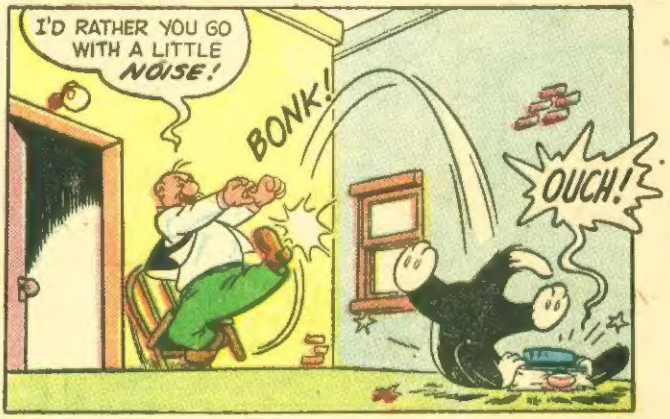

OOOH! I TAWT I TAW A PUDDY TAT!!

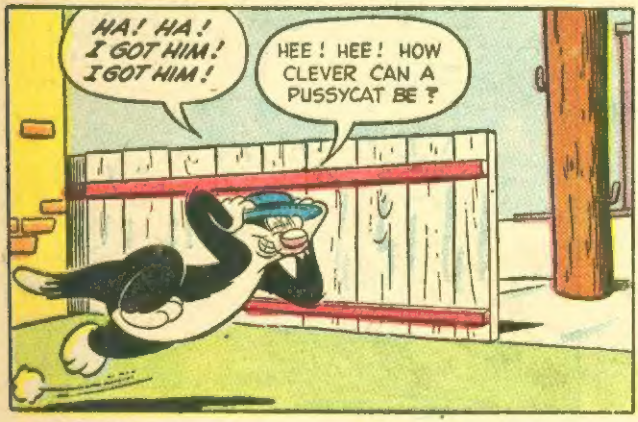

OOPS! WRONG EXIT!

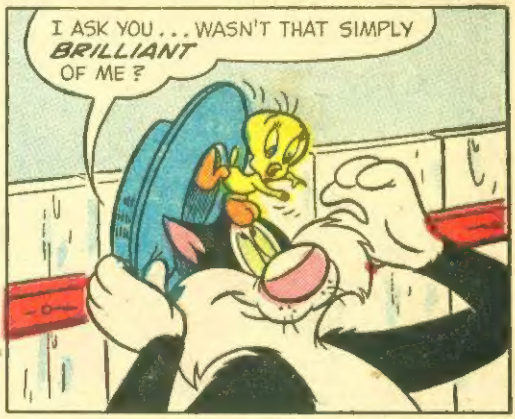

GO OFF THAT WAY!

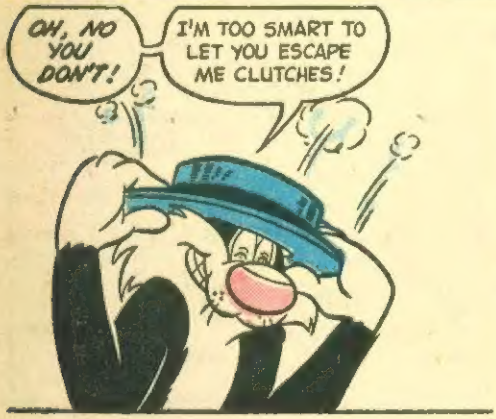

HE'S GOING OFF ON THE OTHER SIDE! I'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM!

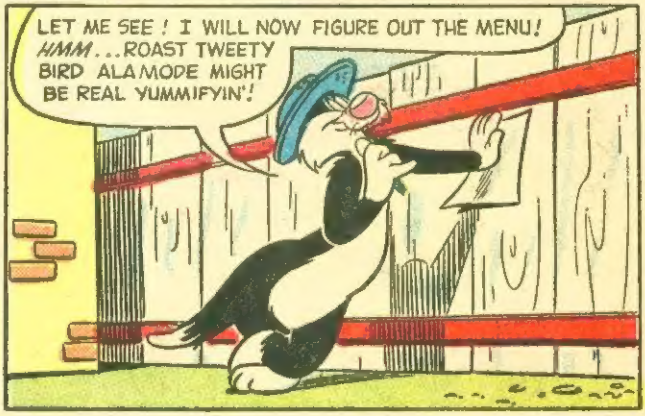
WELL! WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE?
I'M JUST A HARMLESS, STAGE-STRUCK KITTY-CAT, SIR!... BUT I'LL GO QUIETLY!

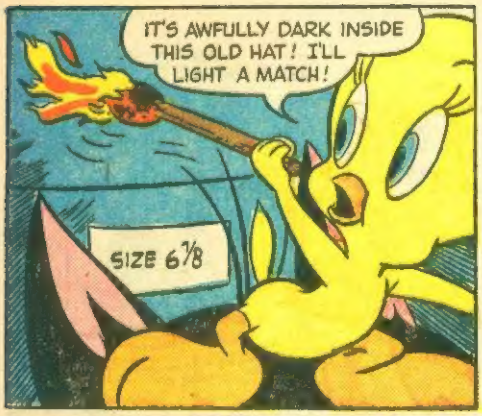

I'D RATHER YOU GO WITH A LITTLE NOISE!
BONK!
OUCH!

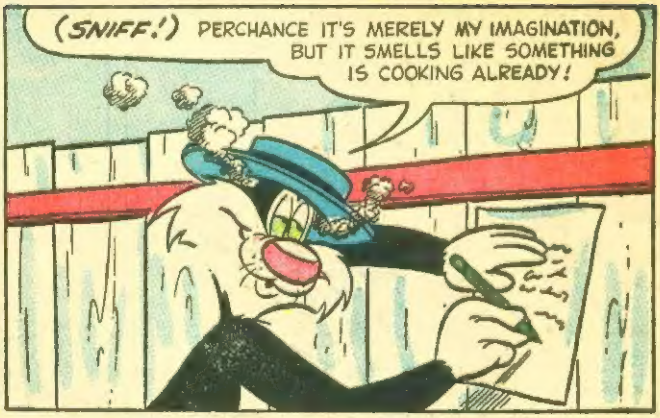

HA! HA! I GOT HIM! I GOT HIM!
HEE! HEE! HOW CLEVER CAN A PUSSYCAT BE?

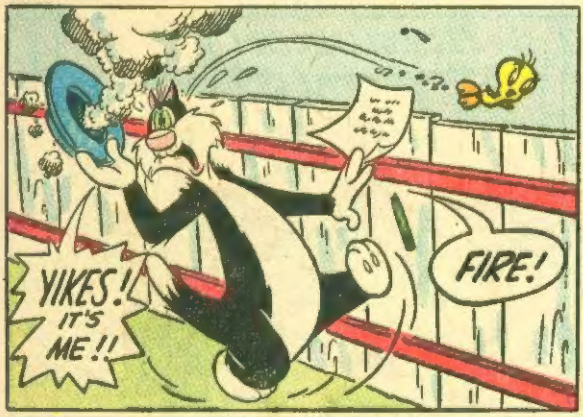

I ASK YOU... WASN'T THAT SIMPLY BRILLIANT OF ME?

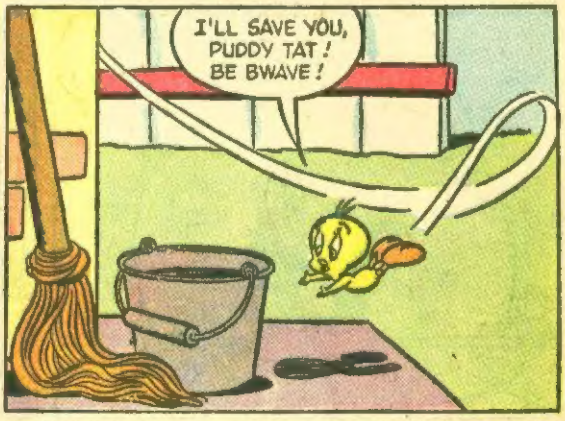

OH, NO YOU DON'T!
I'M TOO SMART TO LET YOU ESCAPE ME CLUTCHES!

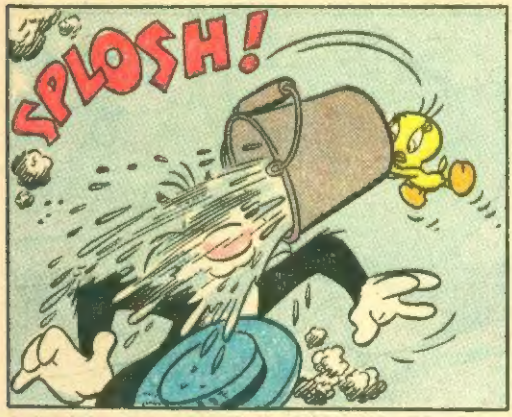

LET ME SEE! I WILL NOW FIGURE OUT THE MENU! HMM...ROAST TWEETY BIRD ALAMODE MIGHT BE REAL YUMMIFYIN'!

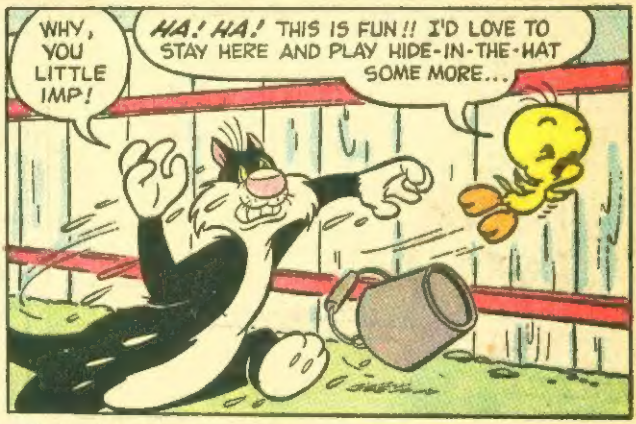

IT'S AWFULLY DARK INSIDE THIS OLD HAT! I'LL LIGHT A MATCH!
SIZE 6⅞

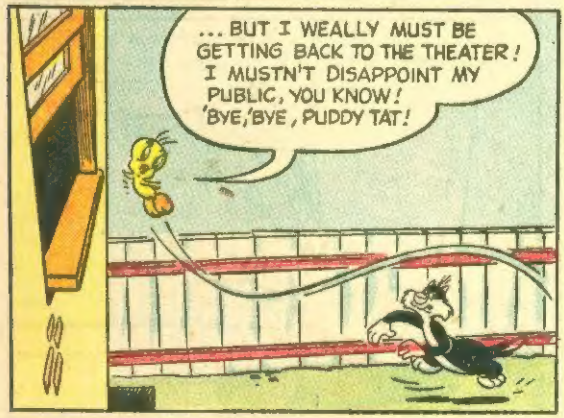

(SNIFF!) PERCHANCE IT'S MERELY MY IMAGINATION, BUT IT SMELLS LIKE SOMETHING IS COOKING ALREADY!

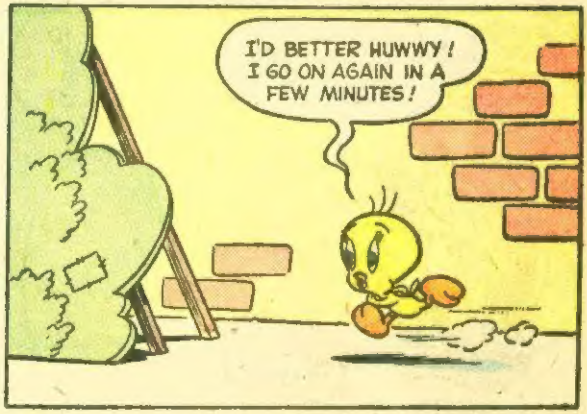

YIKES! IT'S ME!!
FIRE!


I'LL SAVE YOU, PUDDY TAT! BE BWAVE!

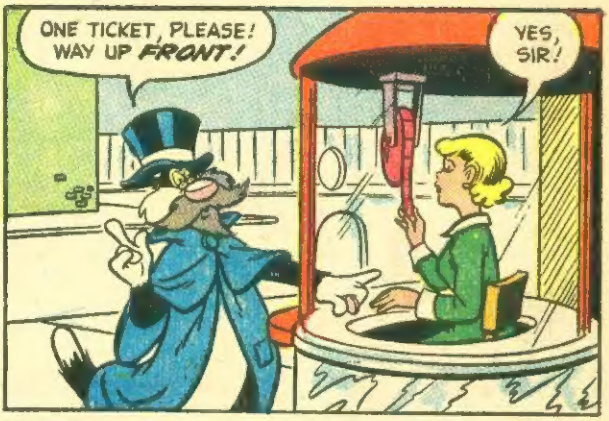

SPLOSH!

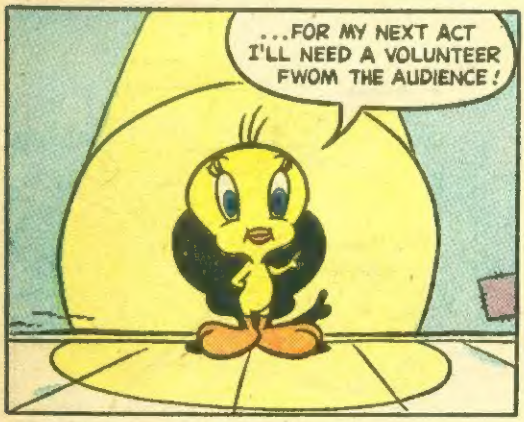

WHY, YOU LITTLE IMP!
HA! HA! THIS IS FUN!! I'D LOVE TO STAY HERE AND PLAY HIDE-IN-THE-HAT SOME MORE...


... BUT I WEALLY MUST BE GETTING BACK TO THE THEATER! I MUSTN'T DISAPPOINT MY PUBLIC, YOU KNOW! 'BYE,'BYE, PUDDY TAT!

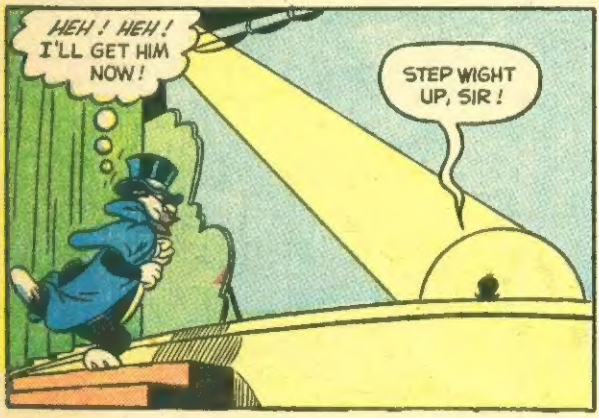

I'D BETTER HUWWY! I GO ON AGAIN IN A FEW MINUTES!

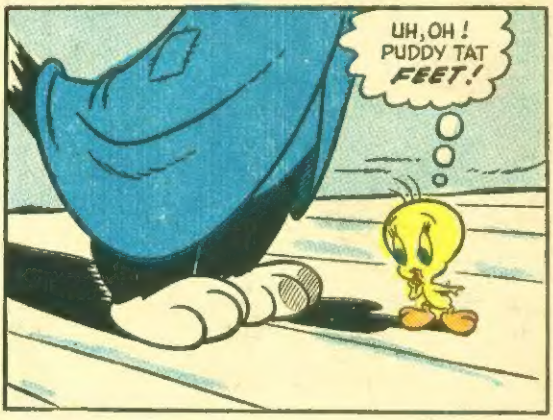
AHA! THESE OLD CLOTHES GIVE ME AN IDEA!


ONE TICKET, PLEASE! WAY UP FRONT!
YES, SIR!


...FOR MY NEXT ACT I'LL NEED A VOLUNTEER FWOM THE AUDIENCE!

I'LL VOLUNTEER!


HEH! HEH! I'LL GET HIM NOW!
STEP WIGHT UP, SIR!


UH, OH! PUDDY TAT FEET!

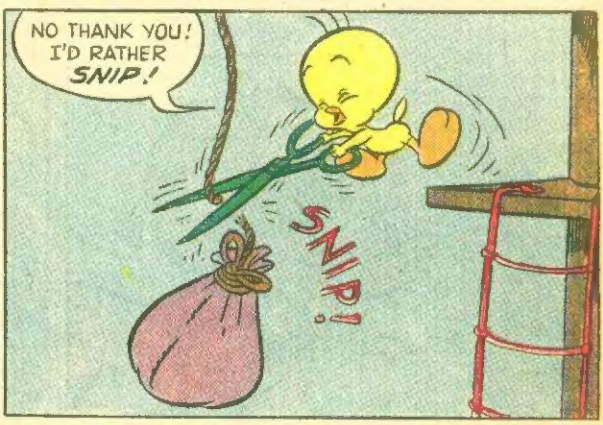
WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO?
SIR, I'M GOING TO DIVE FWOM WAY UP THERE...INTO THIS LITTLE GLASS OF WATER!

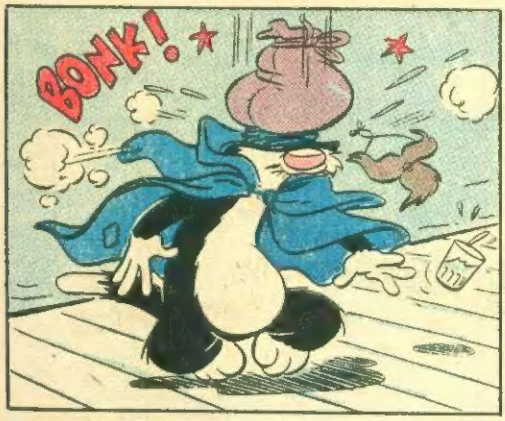
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS HOLD THIS GLASS AND CATCH ME!

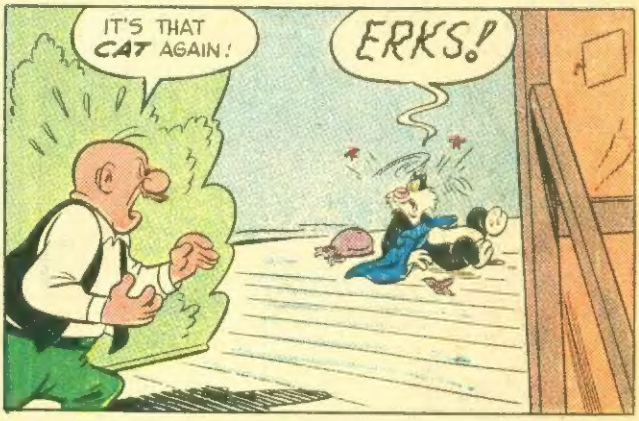
AH, YES! I UNDERSTAND!
AFTER HE LANDS, I'LL HAVE HIM TRAPPED IN THE GLASS! HEH! HEH!

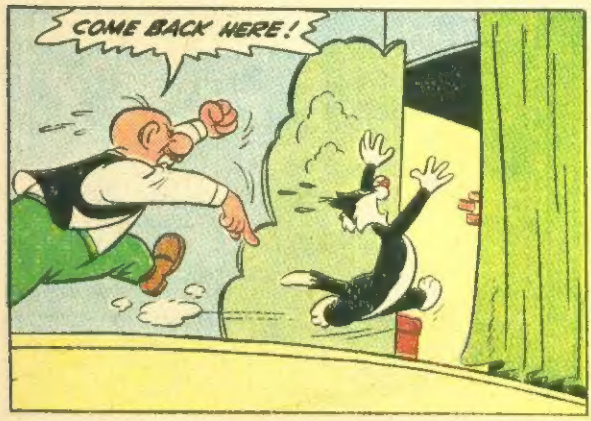
HERE WE GO!! UP.. UP... UP!!

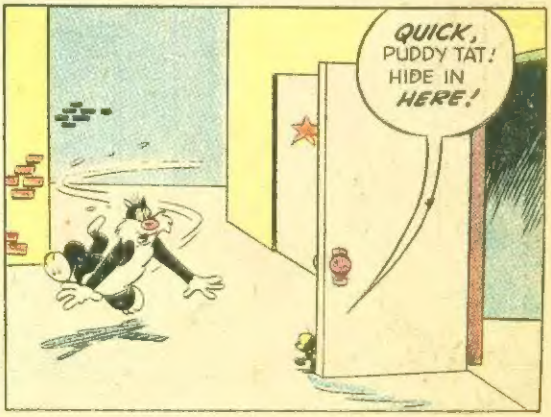
ARE YOU READY DOWN THERE?
READY! LET 'ER RIP!


NO THANK YOU! I'D RATHER SNIP!
SNIP!


BONK!


IT'S THAT CAT AGAIN!
ERKS!


COME BACK HERE!

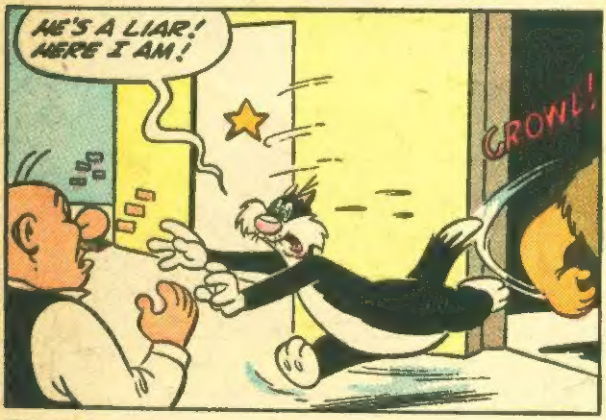

QUICK, PUDDY TAT! HIDE IN HERE!

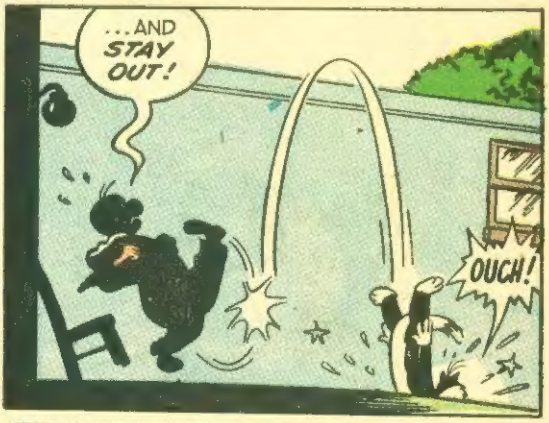
(WHEW!) THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE!
SLAM!
FINK'S LION ACT

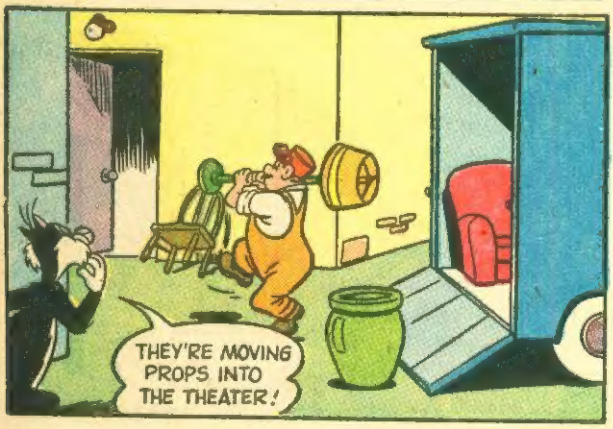
ROARRRRRR
SOUNDS LIKE THUNDER!

THUNDER MY EYE!! IT'S A LION!! AND I WISH I WAS IN NEBRASKA!!
LION ACT
SNARL!

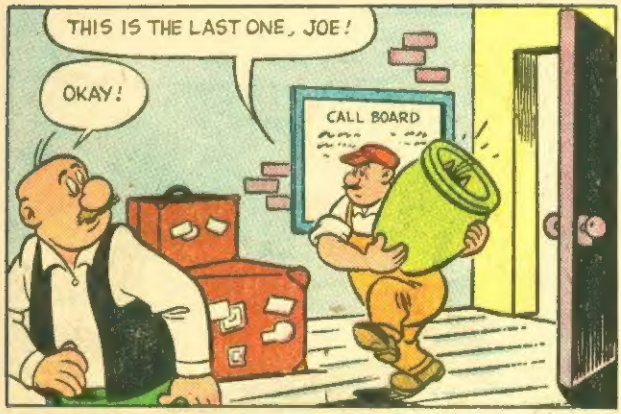
WHICH WAY DID HE GO?
HE WENT THAT WAY!
FINK'S LIONS


HE'S A LIAR! HERE I AM!
GROWL!

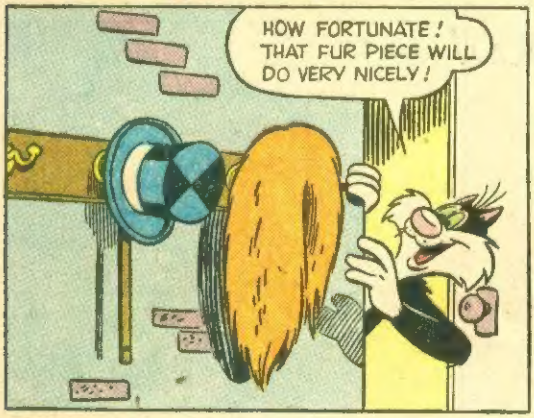

...AND STAY OUT!
OUCH!


THEY'RE MOVING PROPS INTO THE THEATER!

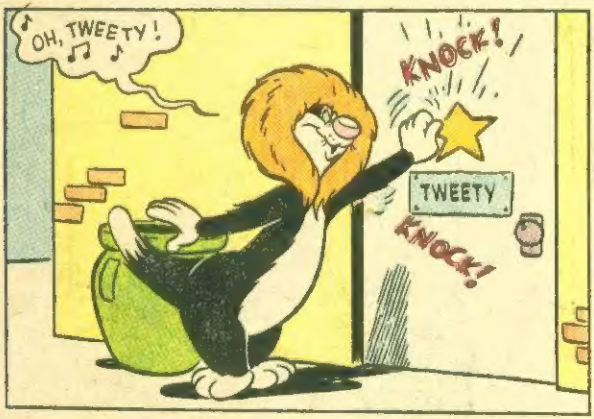
NOW'S MY CHANCE!

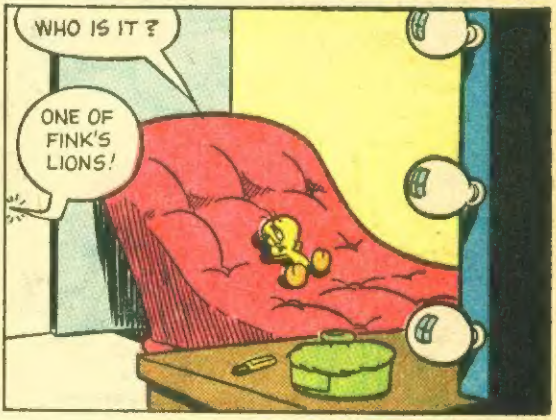

THIS IS THE LAST ONE, JOE!
OKAY!
CALL BOARD

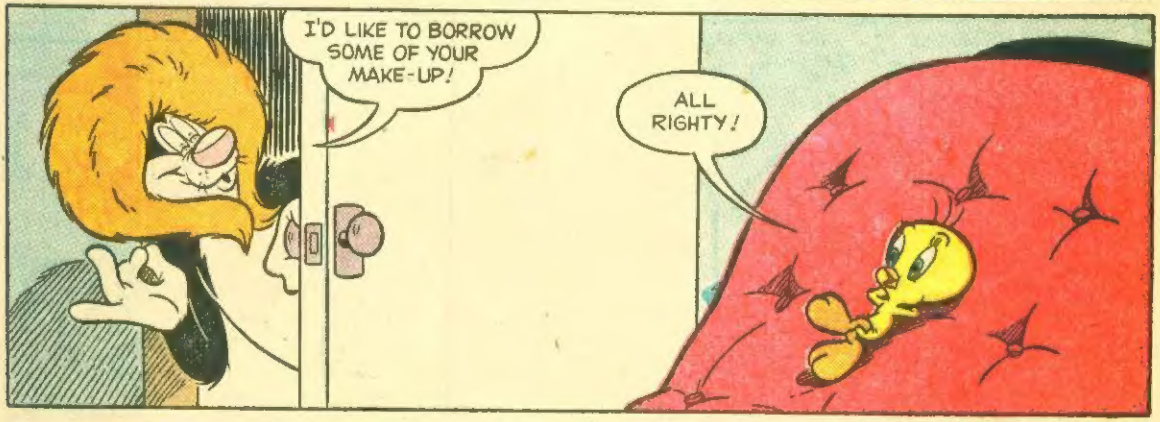
THIS TIME I'LL BE MORE STEALTHY!
TWEETY

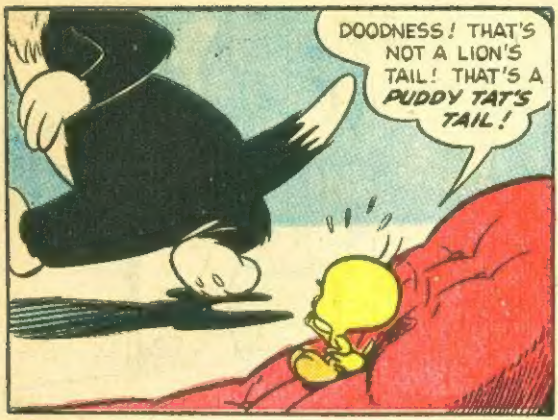

HOW FORTUNATE! THAT FUR PIECE WILL DO VERY NICELY!

THERE! I LOOK JUST LIKE A LION! THEY'LL THINK I'M ONE OF FINK'S LIONS!


OH, TWEETY!
KNOCK!
TWEETY
KNOCK!

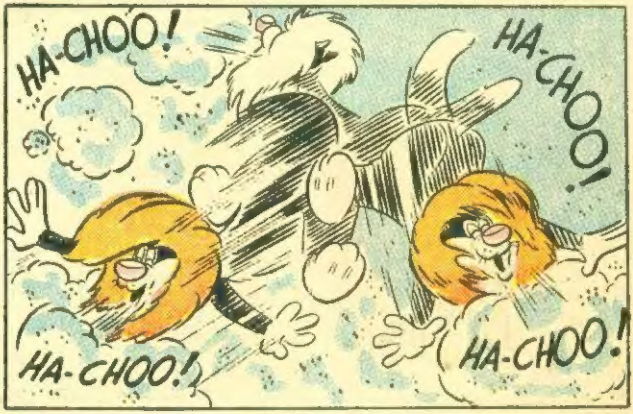

WHO IS IT?
ONE OF FINK'S LIONS!


I'D LIKE TO BORROW SOME OF YOUR MAKE-UP!
ALL RIGHTY!

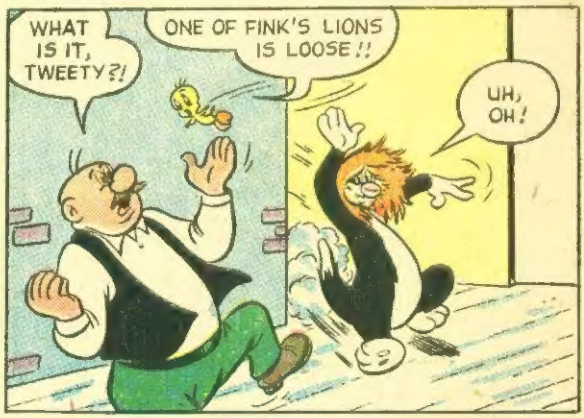

DOODNESS! THAT'S NOT A LION'S TAIL! THAT'S A PUDDY TAT'S TAIL!

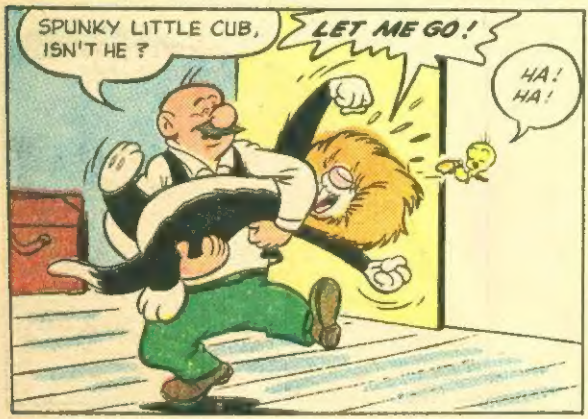
HERE, MR LION! TWY SOME OF THIS SPECIAL MAKE-UP!
SNEEZE POWDER

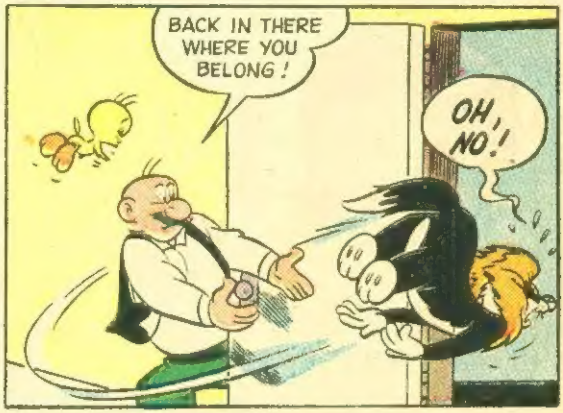
LET ME HELP YOU!

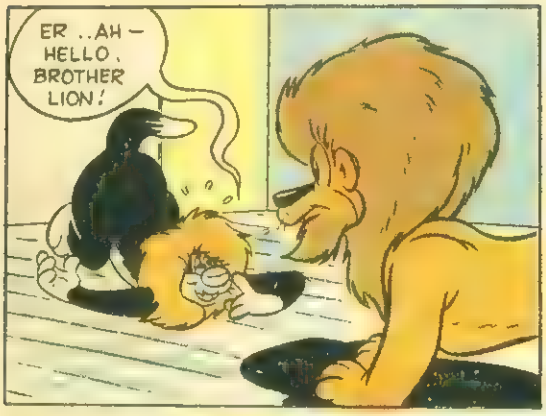

HA-CHOO!
HA-CHOO!
HA-CHOO!
HA-CHOO!

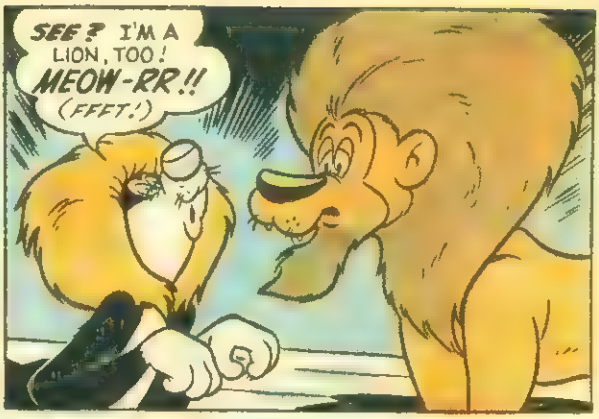
HELP! JOE! HELP!
WHY, YOU LITTLE RASCAL!

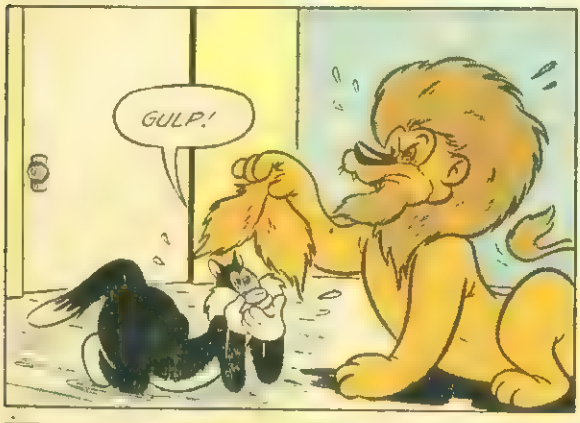

WHAT IS IT, TWEETY?!
ONE OF FINK'S LIONS IS LOOSE!!
UH, OH!

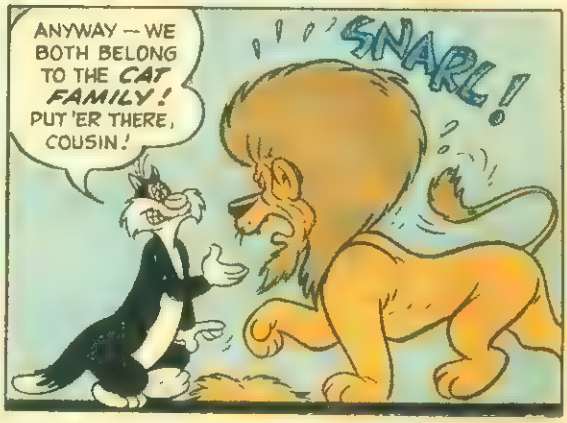

SPUNKY LITTLE CUB, ISN'T HE?
LET ME GO!
HA! HA!

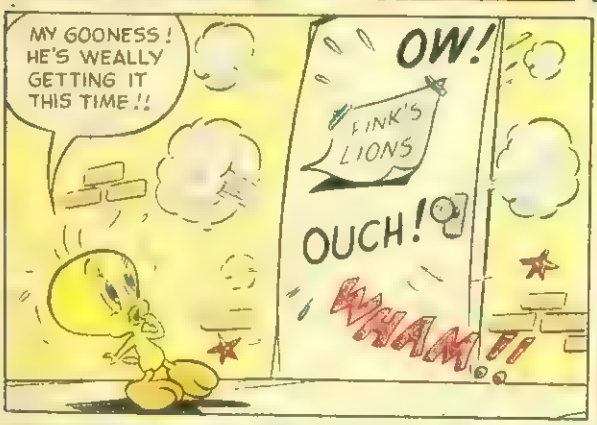

BACK IN THERE WHERE YOU BELONG!
OH, NO!

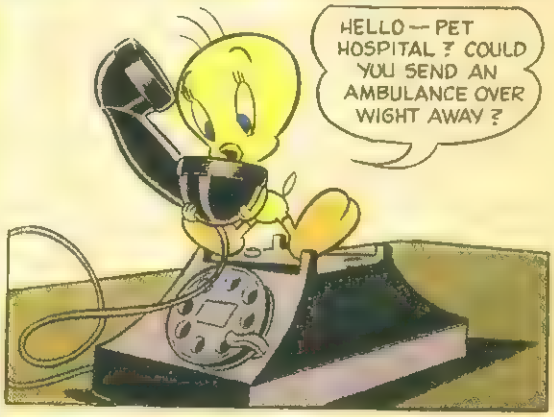

ER ..AH — HELLO, BROTHER LION!

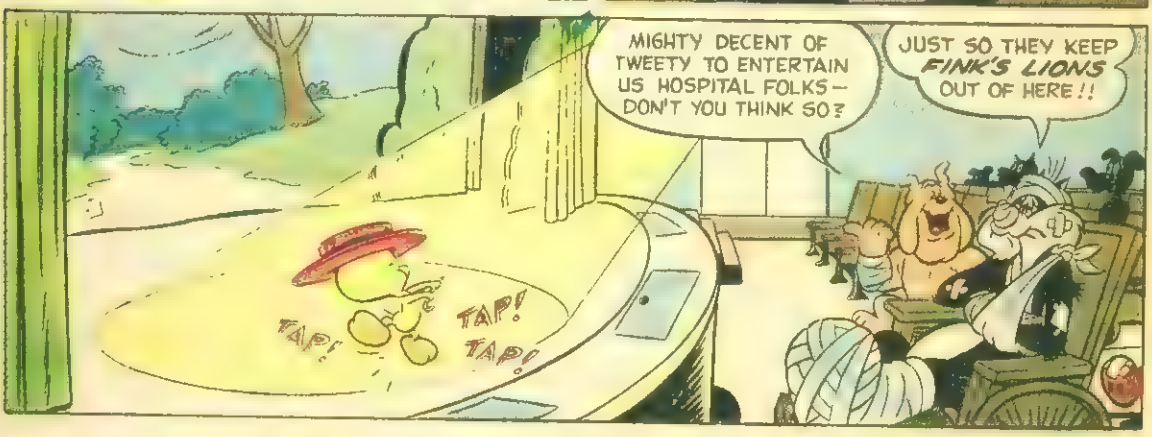

SEE? I'M A LION, TOO! MEOW-RR!! (FFFT!)


GULP!


ANYWAY — WE BOTH BELONG TO THE CAT FAMILY! PUT 'ER THERE, COUSIN!
SNARL!

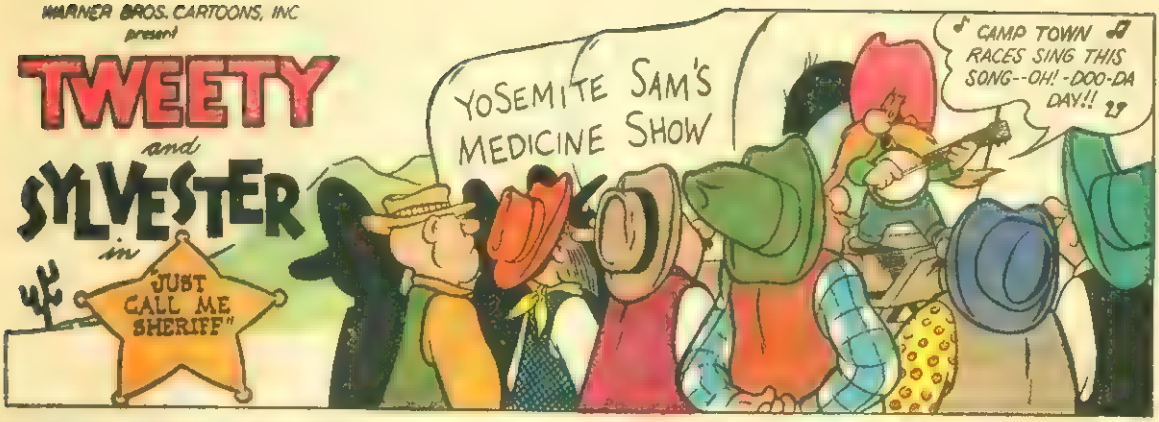

MY GOONESS! HE'S WEALLY GETTING IT THIS TIME!!
OW!
FINK'S LIONS
OUCH!
WHAM!!

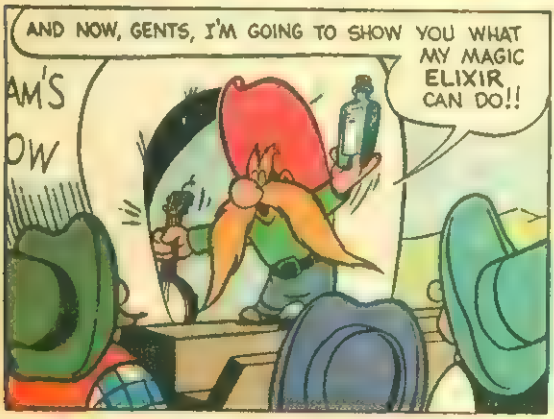

HELLO — PET HOSPITAL? COULD YOU SEND AN AMBULANCE OVER WIGHT AWAY?

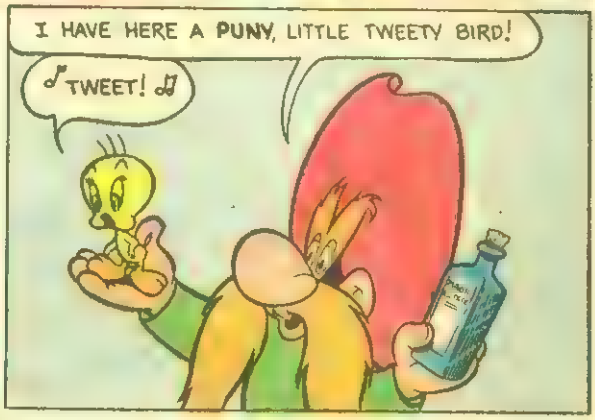

MIGHTY DECENT OF TWEETY TO ENTERTAIN US HOSPITAL FOLKS — DON'T YOU THINK SO?
JUST SO THEY KEEP FINK'S LIONS OUT OF HERE!!
TAP!
TAP!
TAP!

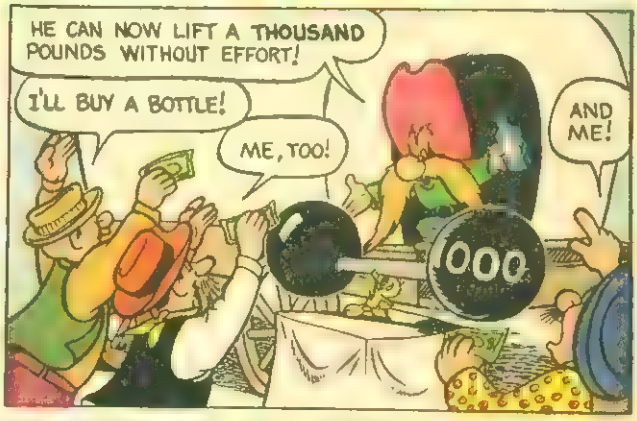
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC
present

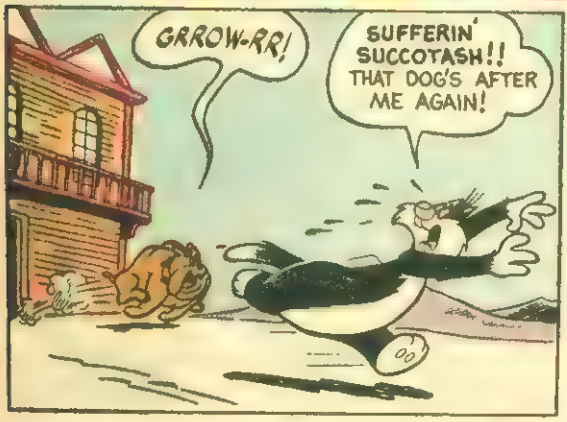
TWEETY and SYLVESTER in "JUST CALL ME SHERIFF"

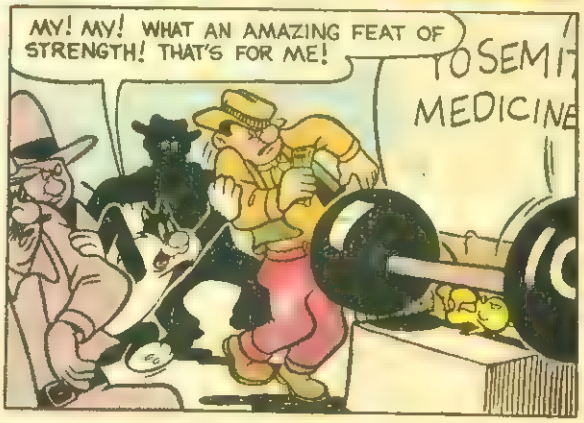


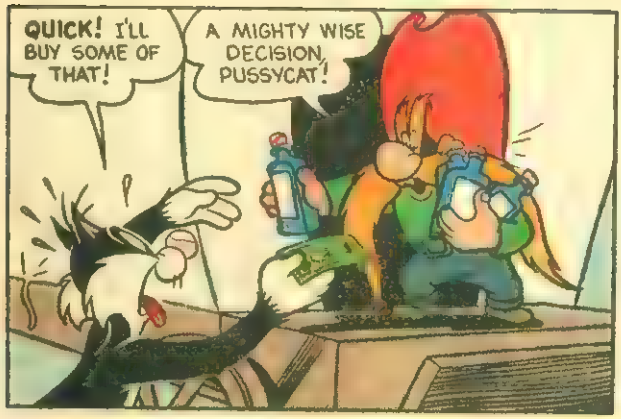




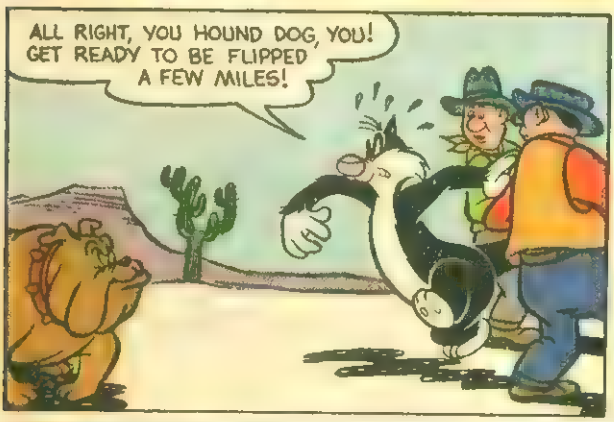


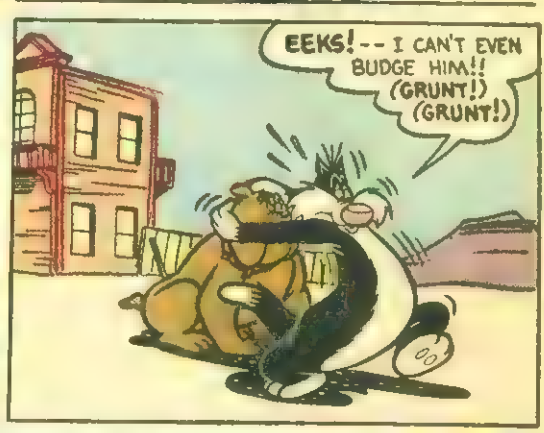


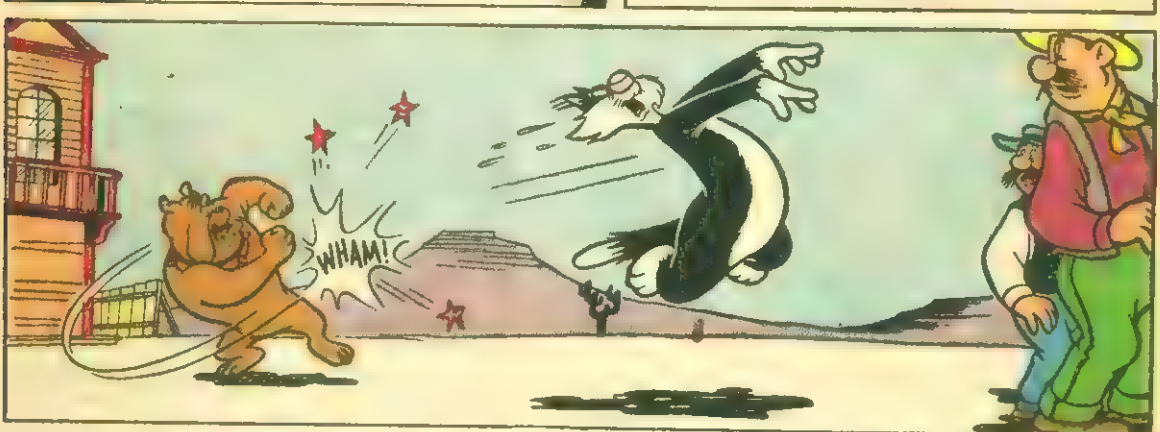


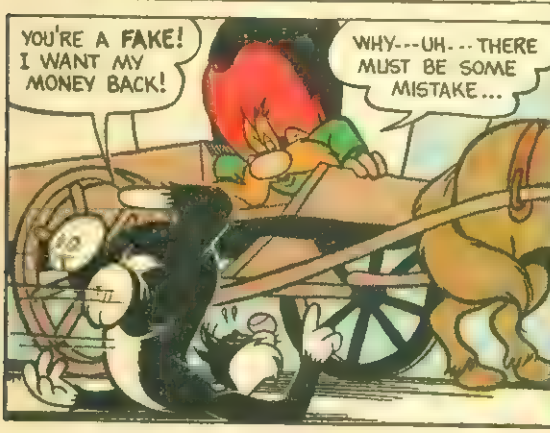

QUICK! I'LL BUY SOME OF THAT!
A MIGHTY WISE DECISION, PUSSYCAT!

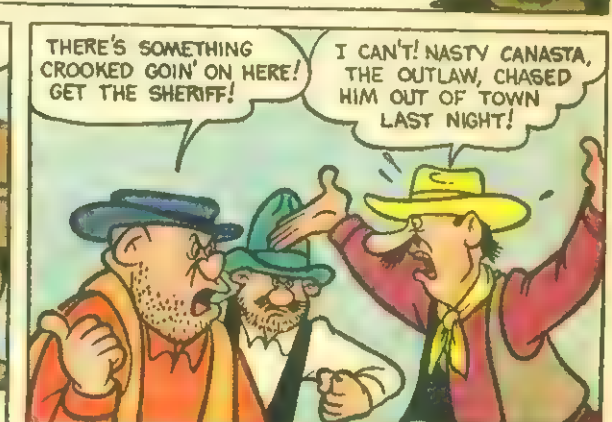
GLUG!
GLUG!
GLUG!
GLUG!

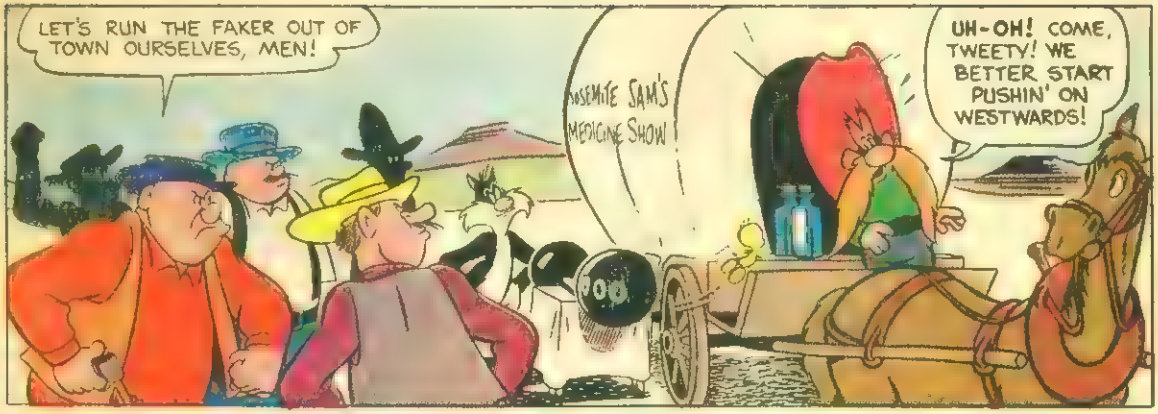

ALL RIGHT, YOU HOUND DOG, YOU! GET READY TO BE FLIPPED A FEW MILES!

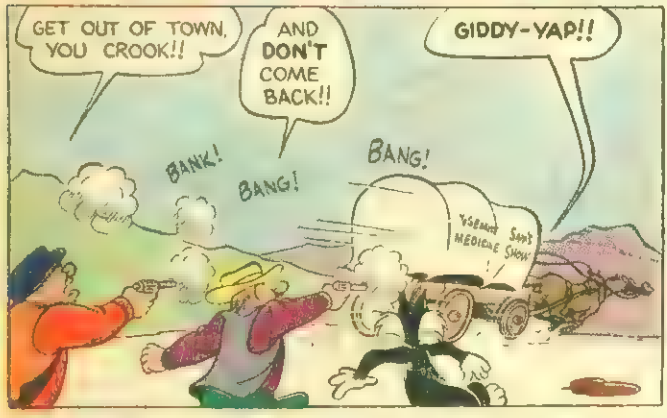

EEKS! -- I CAN'T EVEN BUDGE HIM!! (GRUNT!) (GRUNT!)

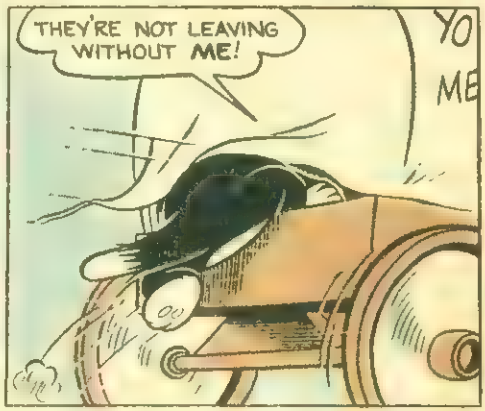

WHAM!

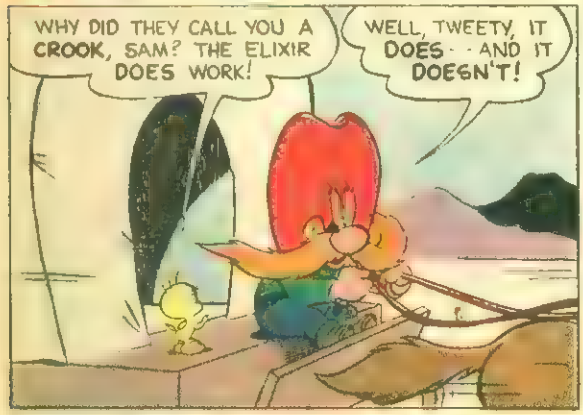

YOU'RE A FAKE! I WANT MY MONEY BACK!
WHY---UH--THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE...

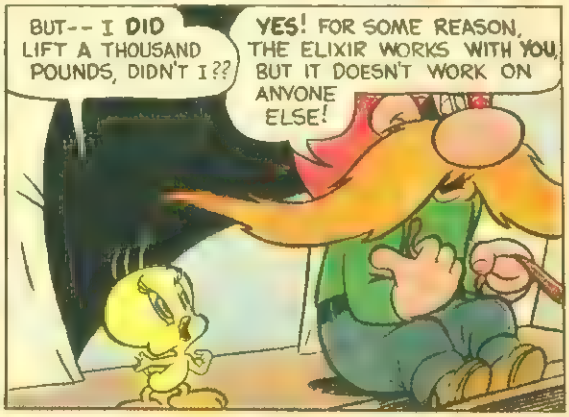

THERE'S SOMETHING CROOKED GOIN' ON HERE! GET THE SHERIFF!
I CAN'T! NASTY CANASTA, THE OUTLAW, CHASED HIM OUT OF TOWN LAST NIGHT!

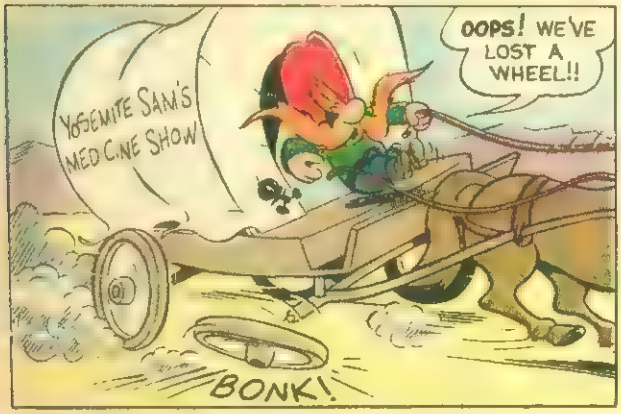

LET'S RUN THE FAKER OUT OF TOWN OURSELVES, MEN!
YOSEMITE SAM'S MEDICINE SHOW
UH-OH! COME, TWEETY! WE BETTER START PUSHIN' ON WESTWARDS!

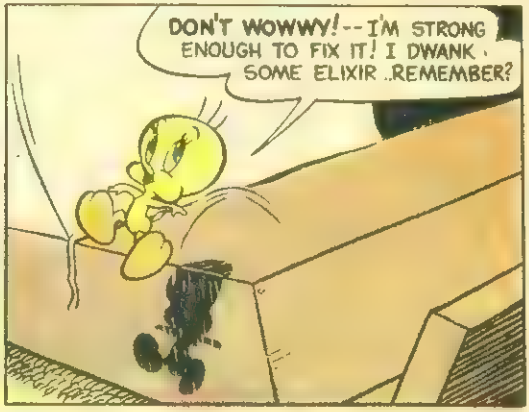

GET OUT OF TOWN, YOU CROOK!!
AND DON'T COME BACK!!
GIDDY-YAP!!
BANK!
BANG!
BANG!
YOSEMITE SAM'S MEDICINE SHOW

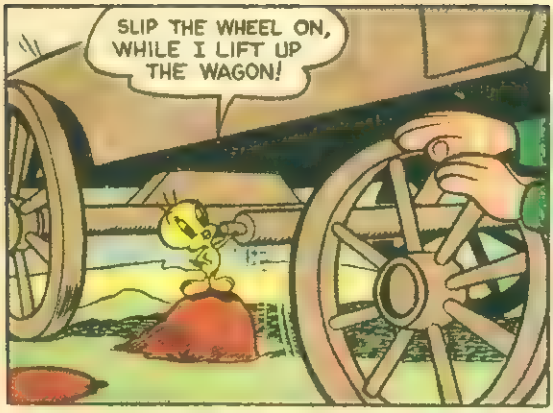

THEY'RE NOT LEAVING WITHOUT ME!
YO
ME

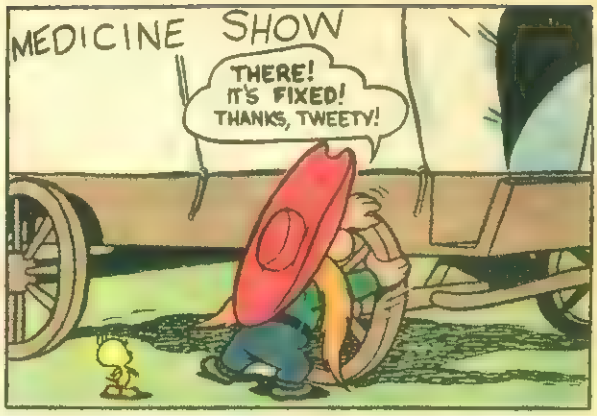

WHY DID THEY CALL YOU A CROOK, SAM? THE ELIXIR DOES WORK!
WELL, TWEETY, IT DOES - - AND IT DOESN'T!

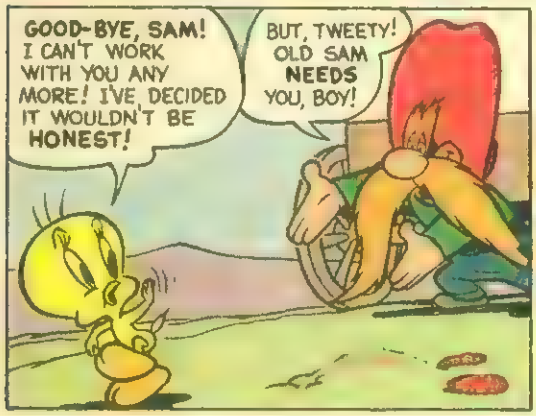

BUT-- I DID LIFT A THOUSAND POUNDS, DIDN'T I??
YES! FOR SOME REASON, THE ELIXIR WORKS WITH YOU, BUT IT DOESN'T WORK ON ANYONE ELSE!

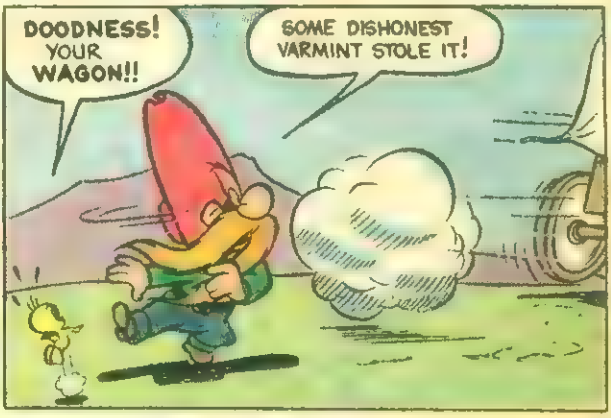

OOPS! WE'VE LOST A WHEEL!!
YOSEMITE SAM'S MEDICINE SHOW
BONK!

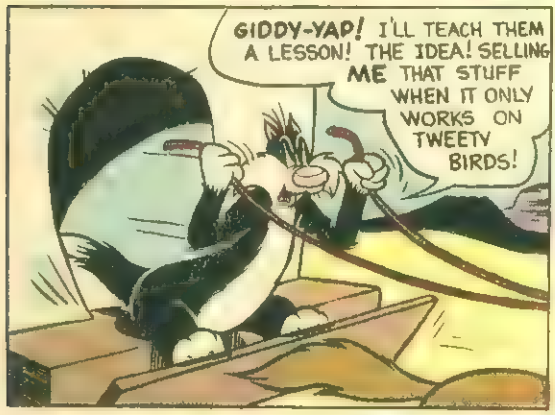

DON'T WOWWY!--I'M STRONG ENOUGH TO FIX IT! I DWANK SOME ELIXIR ..REMEMBER?

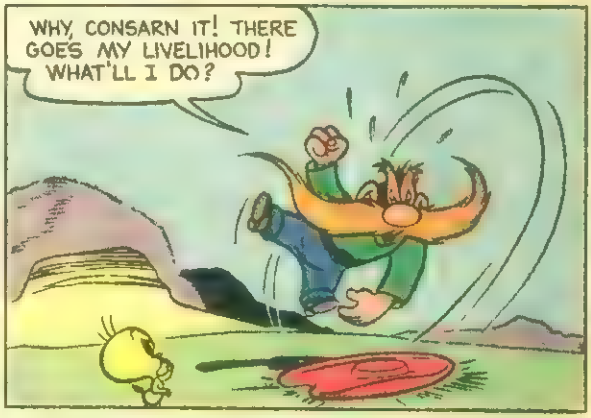

SLIP THE WHEEL ON, WHILE I LIFT UP THE WAGON!


MEDICINE SHOW
THERE! IT'S FIXED! THANKS, TWEETY!

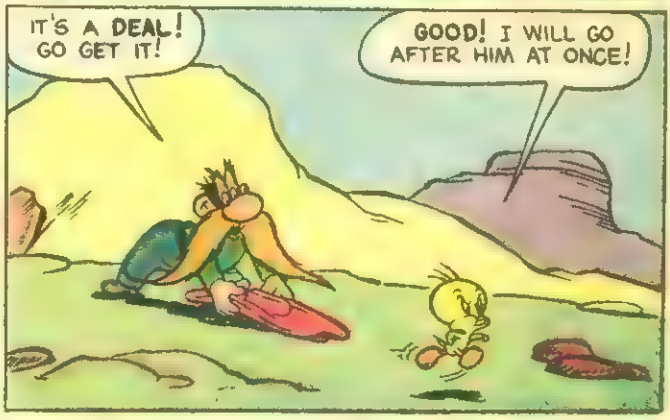

GOOD-BYE, SAM! I CAN'T WORK WITH YOU ANY MORE! I'VE DECIDED IT WOULDN'T BE HONEST!
BUT, TWEETY! OLD SAM NEEDS YOU, BOY!

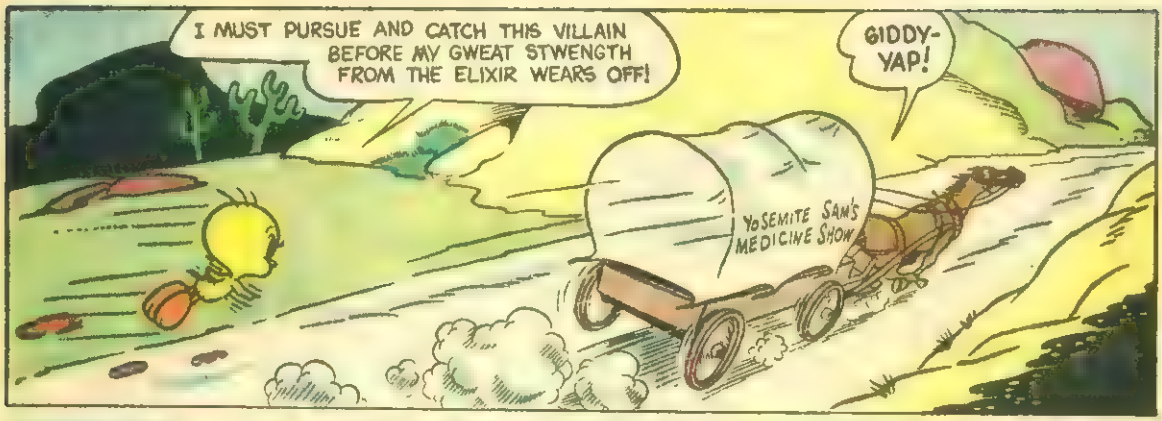

DOODNESS! YOUR WAGON!!
SOME DISHONEST VARMINT STOLE IT!

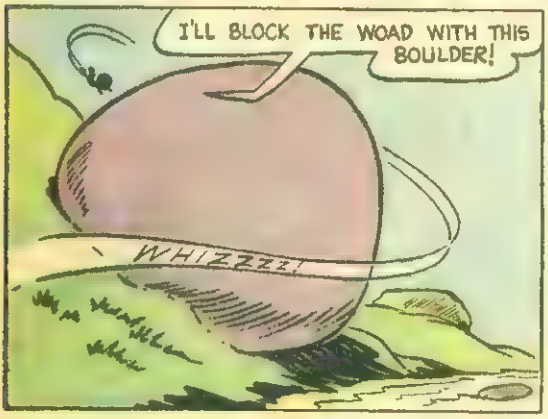

GIDDY-YAP! I'LL TEACH THEM A LESSON! THE IDEA! SELLING ME THAT STUFF WHEN IT ONLY WORKS ON TWEETY BIRDS!

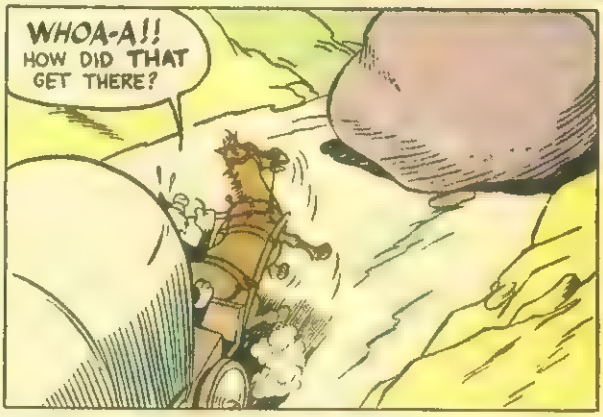

WHY, CONSARN IT! THERE GOES MY LIVELIHOOD! WHAT'LL I DO?

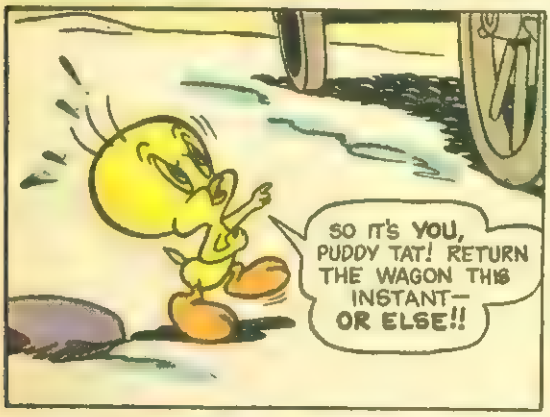
PROMISE ME TO USE THE WAGON FOR A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS AND I'LL GET IT BACK FOR YOU!

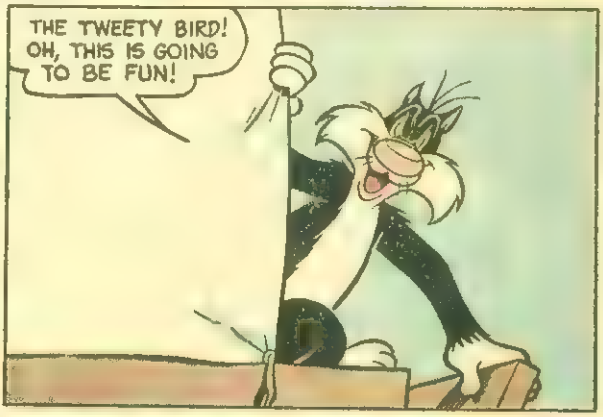

IT'S A DEAL! GO GET IT!
GOOD! I WILL GO AFTER HIM AT ONCE!

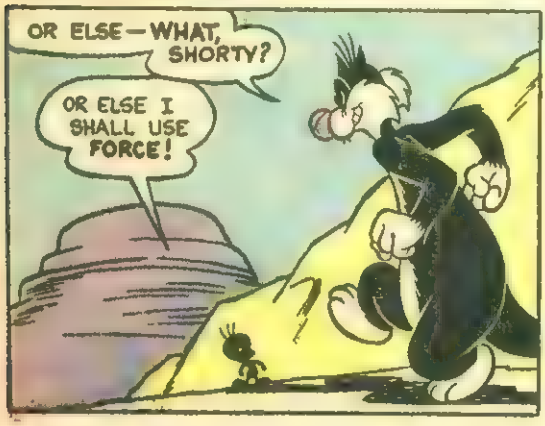

I MUST PURSUE AND CATCH THIS VILLAIN BEFORE MY GWEAT STWENGTH FROM THE ELIXIR WEARS OFF!
GIDDY-YAP!
YOSEMITE SAM'S MEDICINE SHOW

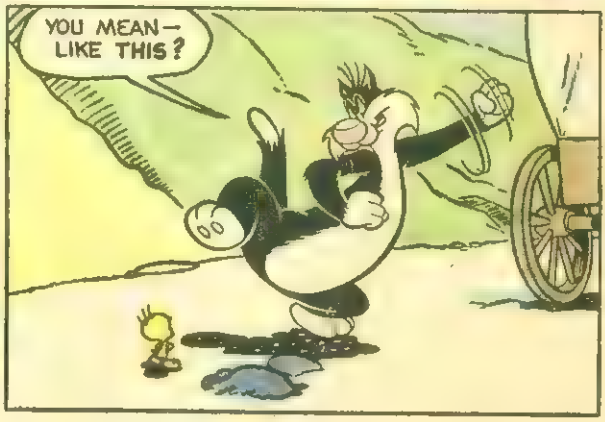

I'LL BLOCK THE WOAD WITH THIS BOULDER!
WHIZZZZ!

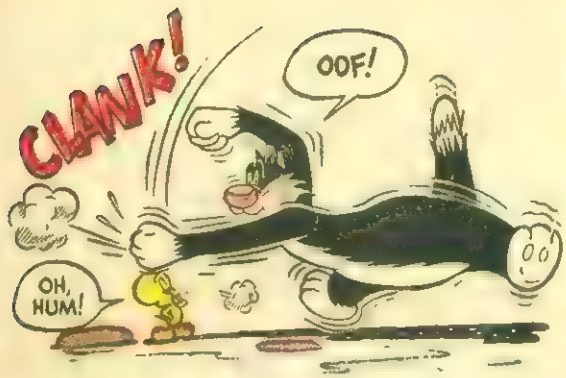

WHOA-A!! HOW DID THAT GET THERE?

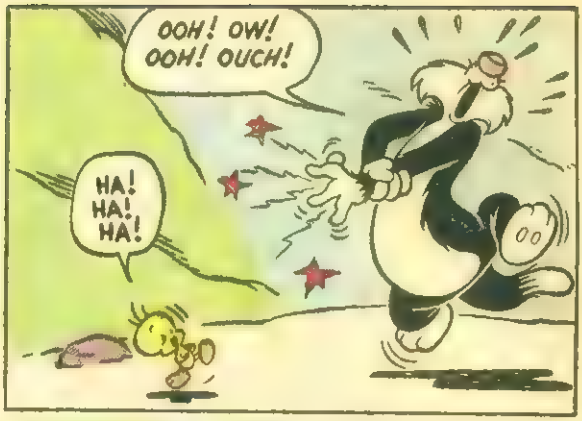

SO IT'S YOU, PUDDY TAT! RETURN THE WAGON THIS INSTANT— OR ELSE!!

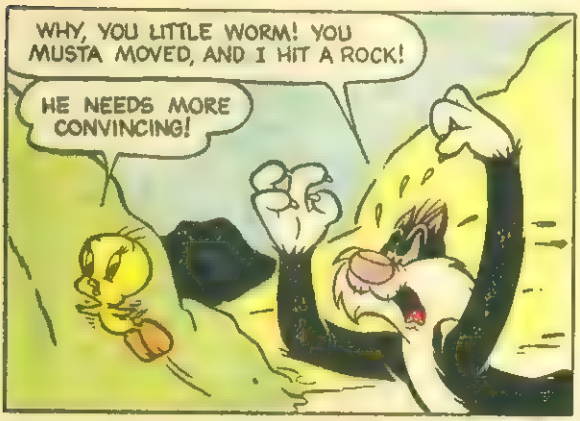

THE TWEETY BIRD! OH, THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN!

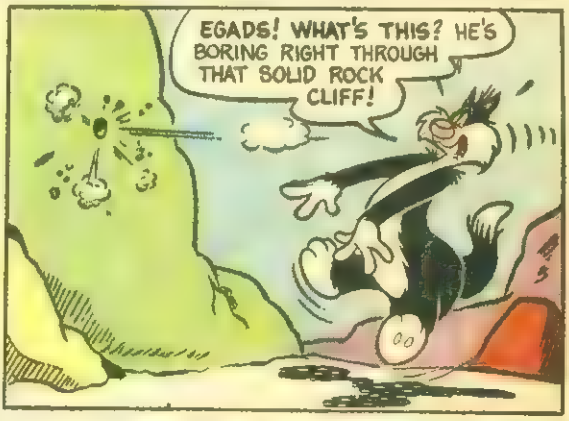

OR ELSE—WHAT, SHORTY?
OR ELSE I SHALL USE FORCE!

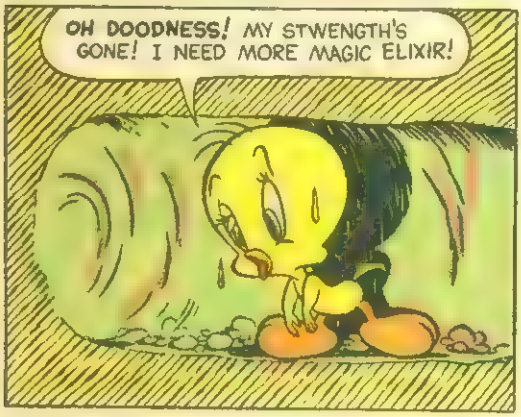

YOU MEAN— LIKE THIS?

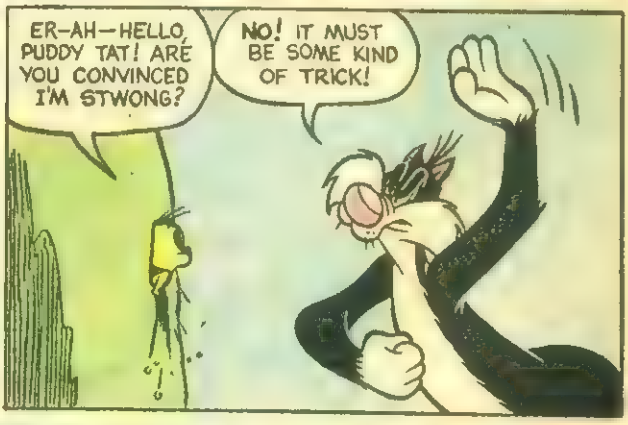

CLAWK!
OOF!
OH, HUM!

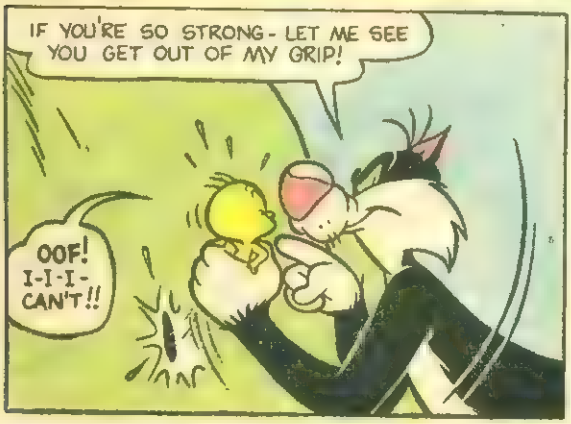

OOH! OW! OOH! OUCH!
HA! HA! HA!

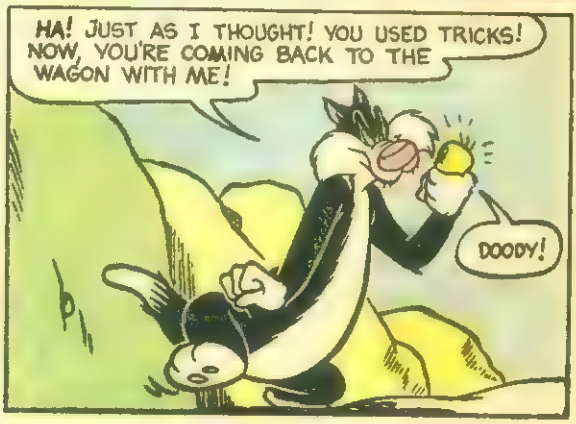

WHY, YOU LITTLE WORM! YOU MUSTA MOVED, AND I HIT A ROCK!
HE NEEDS MORE CONVINCING!


EGADS! WHAT'S THIS? HE'S BORING RIGHT THROUGH THAT SOLID ROCK CLIFF!

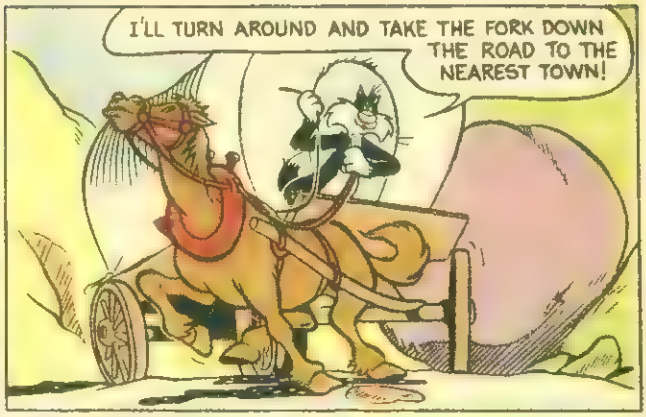

OH DOODNESS! MY STWENGTH'S GONE! I NEED MORE MAGIC ELIXIR!

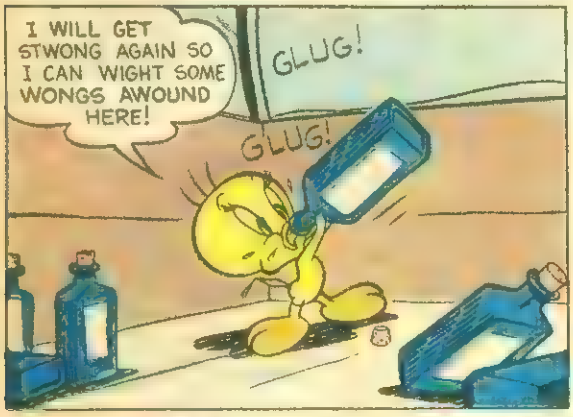

ER-AH—HELLO, PUDDY TAT! ARE YOU CONVINCED I'M STWONG?
NO! IT MUST BE SOME KIND OF TRICK!


IF YOU'RE SO STRONG - LET ME SEE YOU GET OUT OF MY GRIP!
OOF! I-I-I-CAN'T!!

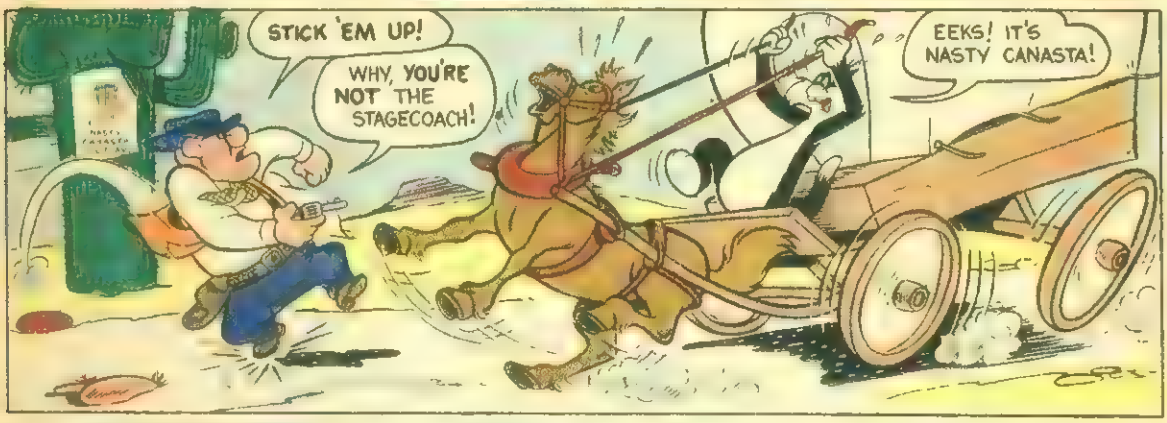

HA! JUST AS I THOUGHT! YOU USED TRICKS! NOW, YOU'RE COMING BACK TO THE WAGON WITH ME!
DOODY!

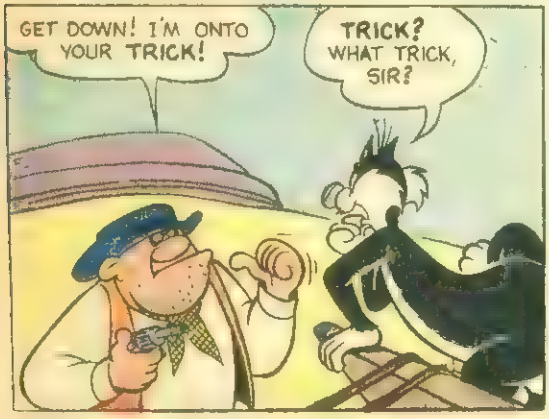
GET BACK IN THERE! YOU AND I ARE GOING INTO THE MEDICINE SHOW BUSINESS!

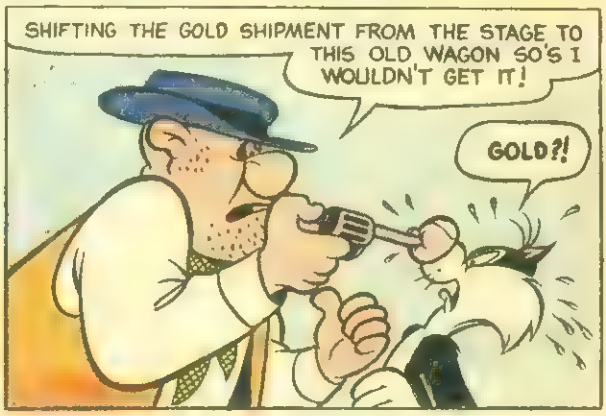

I'LL TURN AROUND AND TAKE THE FORK DOWN THE ROAD TO THE NEAREST TOWN!

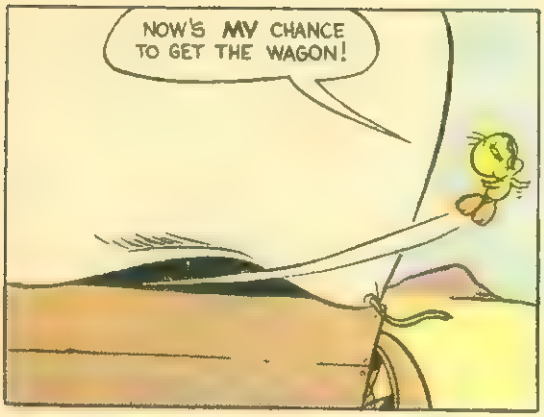

I WILL GET STWONG AGAIN SO I CAN WIGHT SOME WONGS AWOUND HERE!
GLUG!
GLUG!

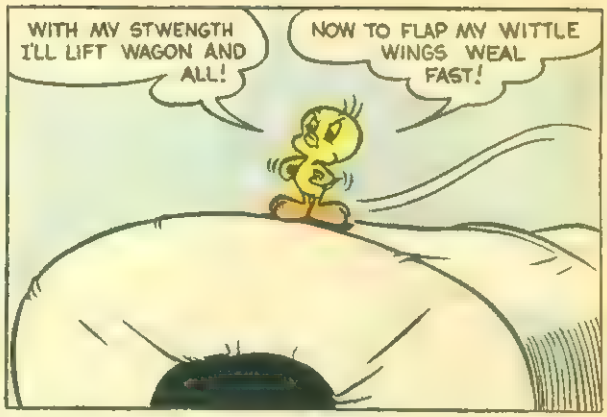
MEANWHILE...
I THINK I HEAR THE STAGECOACH COMING!
NASTY CANASTA, OUTLAW

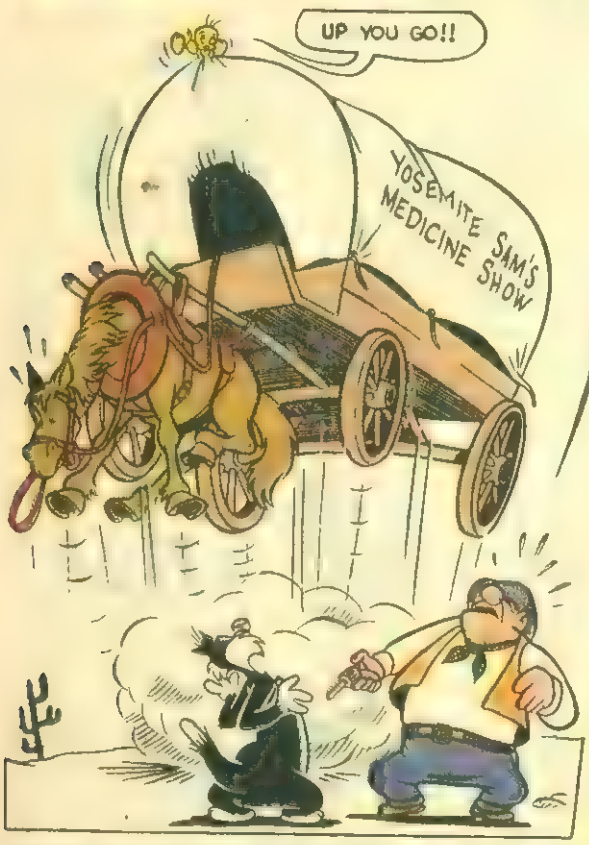

STICK 'EM UP!
WHY, YOU'RE NOT THE STAGECOACH!
EEKS! IT'S NASTY CANASTA!

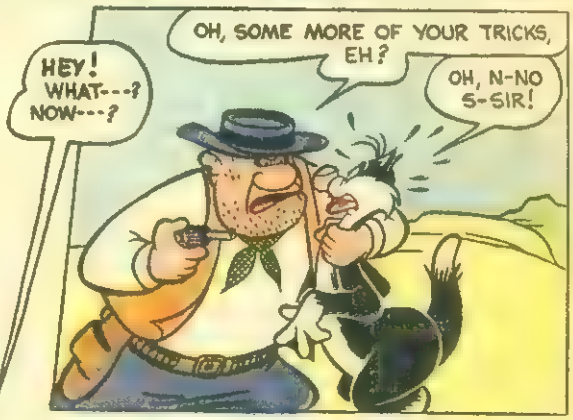

GET DOWN! I'M ONTO YOUR TRICK!
TRICK? WHAT TRICK, SIR?

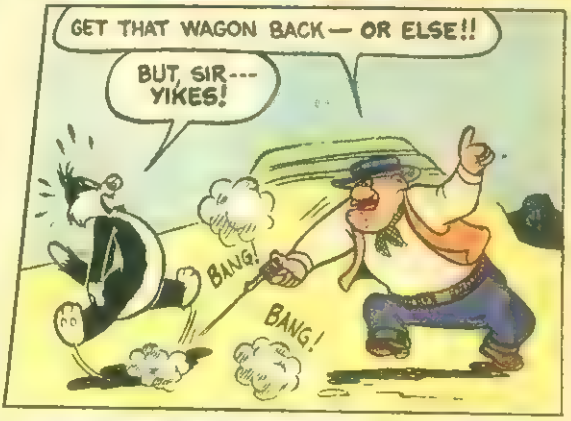

SHIFTING THE GOLD SHIPMENT FROM THE STAGE TO THIS OLD WAGON SO'S I WOULDN'T GET IT!
GOLD?!

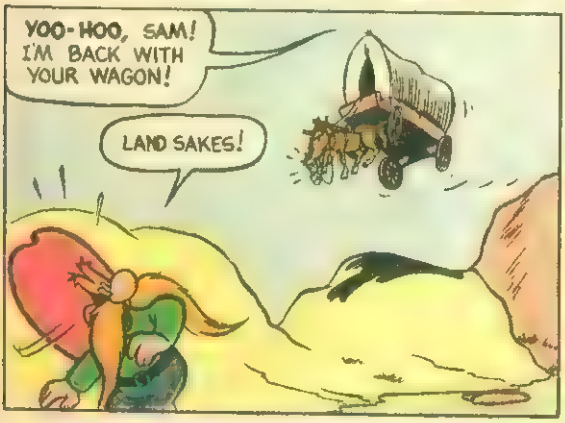

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET THE WAGON!

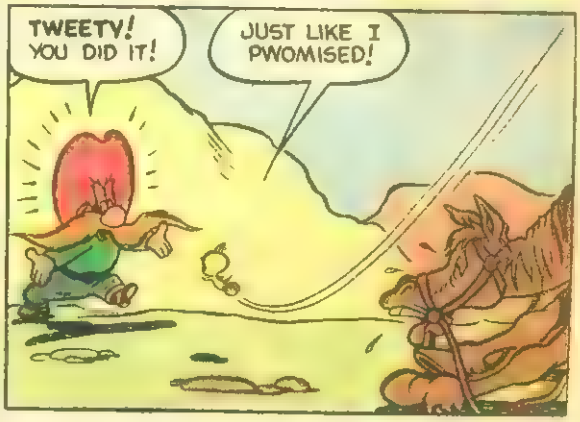

WITH MY STWENGTH I'LL LIFT WAGON AND ALL!
NOW TO FLAP MY WITTLE WINGS WEAL FAST!

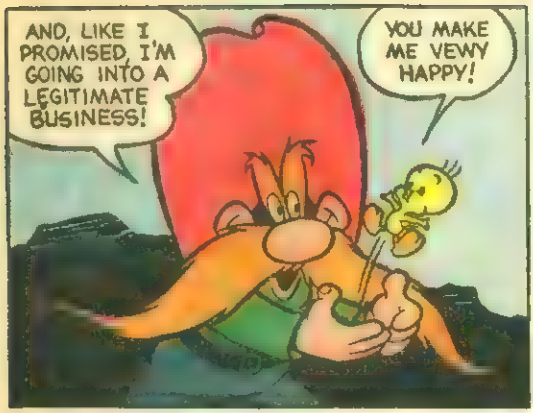

UP YOU GO!!
YOSEMITE SAM'S MEDICINE SHOW

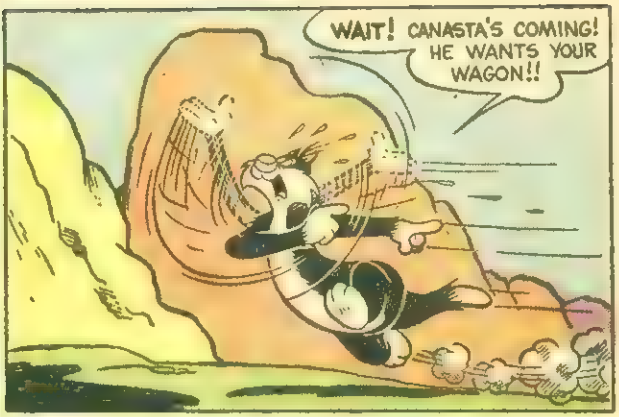

HEY! WHAT---? NOW---?
OH, SOME MORE OF YOUR TRICKS, EH?
OH, N-NO S-SIR!

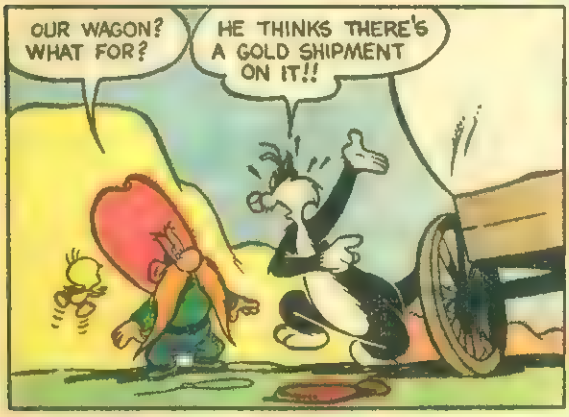

GET THAT WAGON BACK— OR ELSE!!
BUT, SIR--- YIKES!
BANG!
BANG!

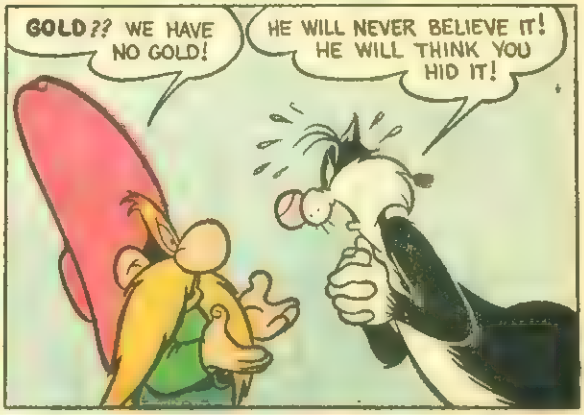

YOO-HOO, SAM! I'M BACK WITH YOUR WAGON!
LAND SAKES!

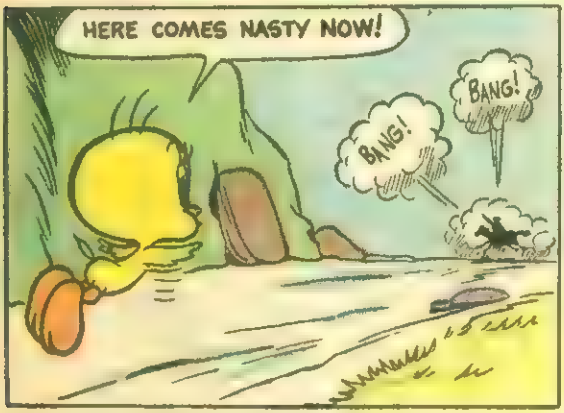

TWEETY! YOU DID IT!
JUST LIKE I PWOMISED!

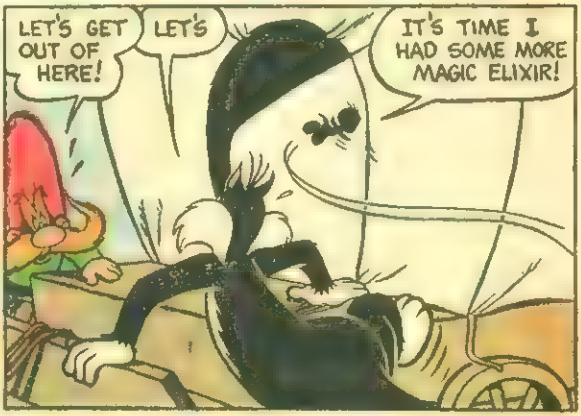

AND, LIKE I PROMISED, I'M GOING INTO A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS!
YOU MAKE ME VEWY HAPPY!

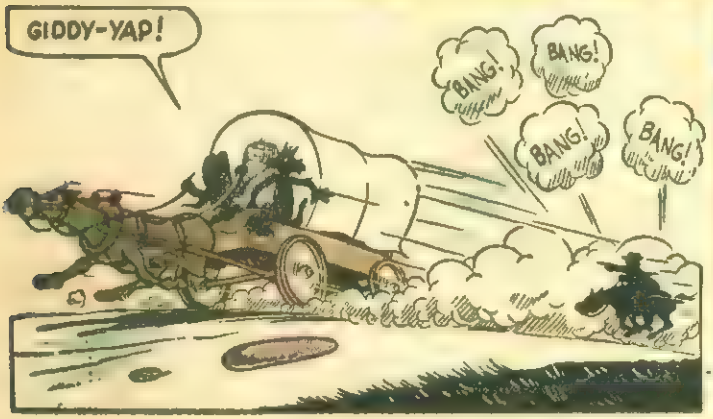

WAIT! CANASTA'S COMING! HE WANTS YOUR WAGON!!

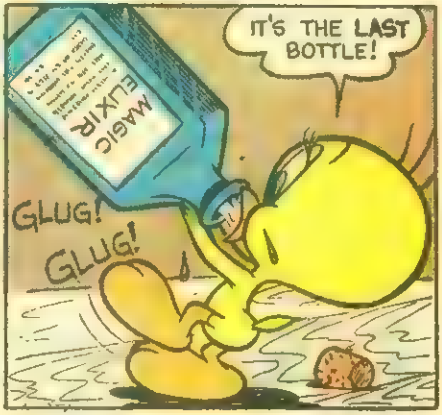

OUR WAGON? WHAT FOR?
HE THINKS THERE'S A GOLD SHIPMENT ON IT!!

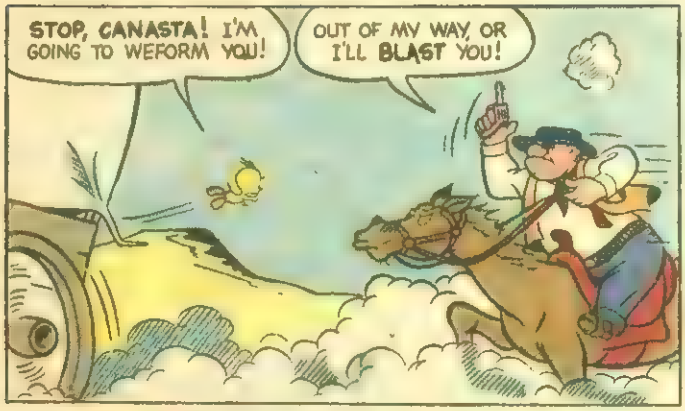

GOLD?? WE HAVE NO GOLD!
HE WILL NEVER BELIEVE IT! HE WILL THINK YOU HID IT!

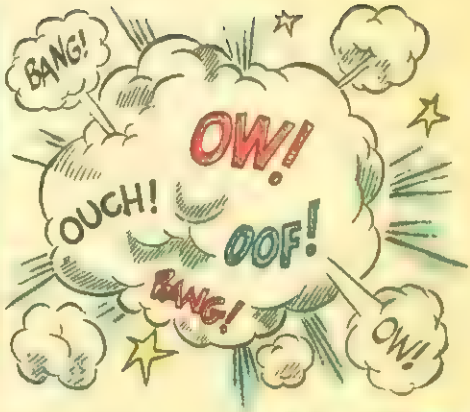

HERE COMES NASTY NOW!
BANG!
BANG!

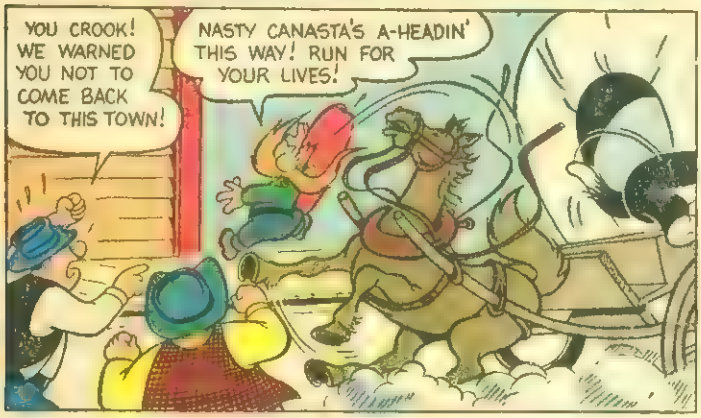

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
LET'S
IT'S TIME I HAD SOME MORE MAGIC ELIXIR!

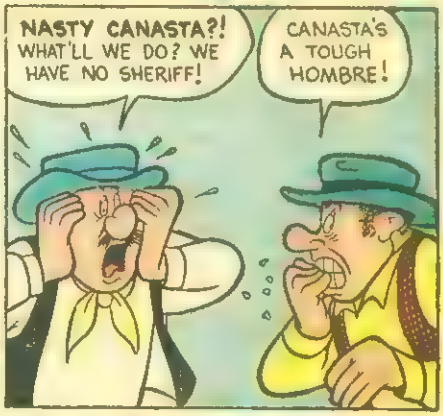

GIDDY-YAP!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

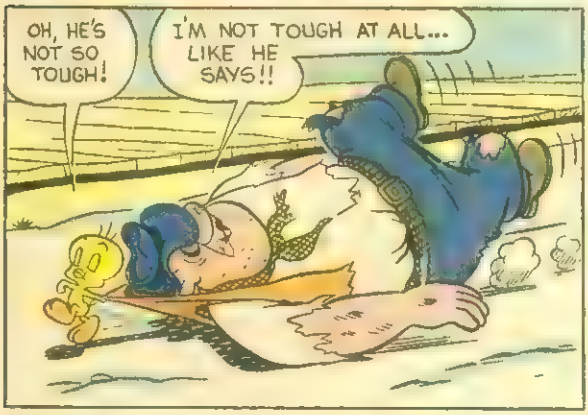

IT'S THE LAST BOTTLE!
MAGIC ELIXIR
GLUG!
GLUG!

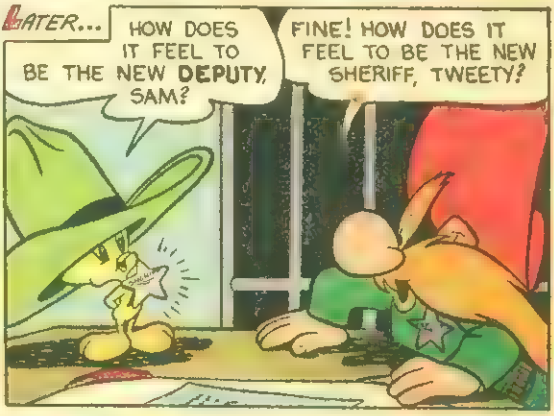

STOP, CANASTA! I'M GOING TO WEFORM YOU!
OUT OF MY WAY, OR I'LL BLAST YOU!

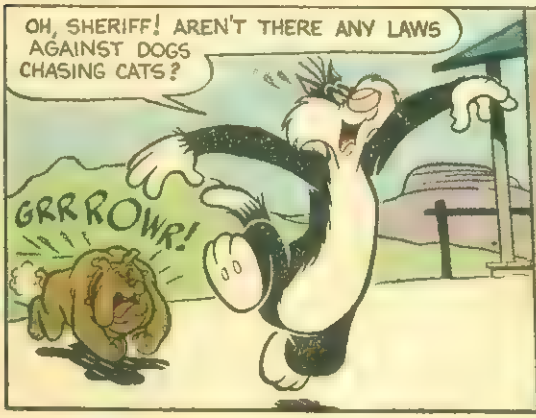

BANG!
OW!
OUCH!
OOF!
BANG!
OW!

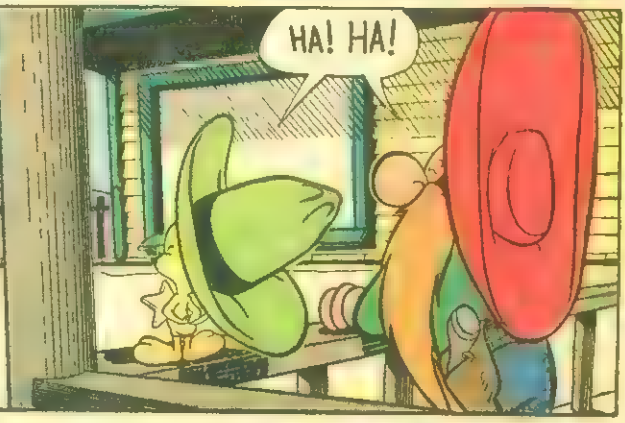

YOU CROOK! WE WARNED YOU NOT TO COME BACK TO THIS TOWN!
NASTY CANASTA'S A-HEADIN' THIS WAY! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

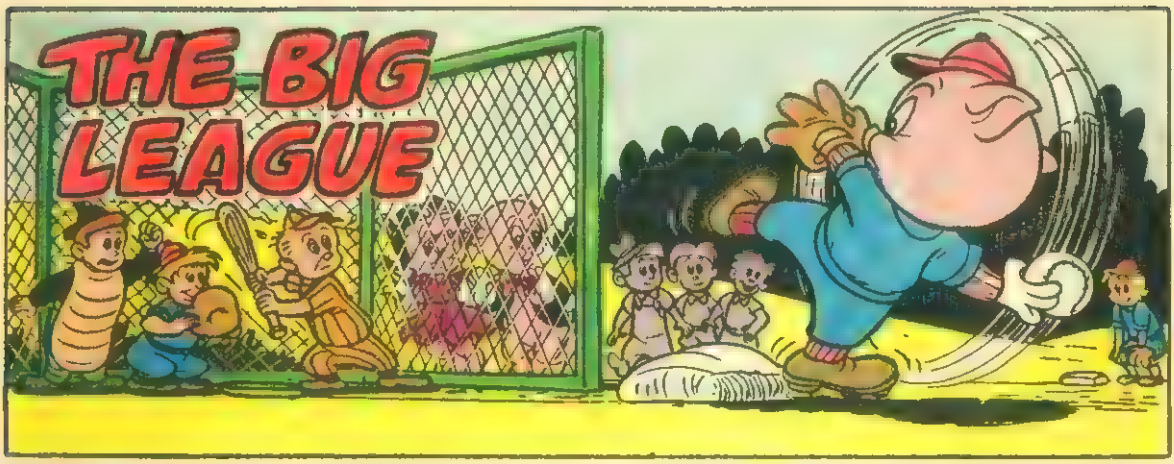

NASTY CANASTA?! WHAT'LL WE DO? WE HAVE NO SHERIFF!
CANASTA'S A TOUGH HOMBRE!


OH, HE'S NOT SO TOUGH!
I'M NOT TOUGH AT ALL... LIKE HE SAYS!!


LATER...
HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE THE NEW DEPUTY, SAM?
FINE! HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE THE NEW SHERIFF, TWEETY?


OH, SHERIFF! AREN'T THERE ANY LAWS AGAINST DOGS CHASING CATS?
GRRROWR!


HA! HA!



Cicero handed Petunia the clothespins and let out a big sigh. "Gosh, Petunia," he complained, "you couldn't have picked a worse day for me to help you. Tomorrow our baseball team plays the Wildcats, and I sure need to practice my pitching. Terrible Terry, the pride of the Wildcats, is some hitter!" He shook his head, sadly. "Boy, can that guy sock a ball!"

"You're right," said Porky who was standing nearby. "I've seen him hit. That better be some pitch you've got, Cicero. You'll need it."

"Golly, yes!" Cicero sighed. "All this reaching for clothespins is certainly going to tire my pitching arm!"

Petunia smiled sympathetically, as she pinned one of Cicero's shirts to the clothesline. "There are only a couple more stacks of clothes to hand out," she told him, "then you can practice all you want." She shook her head. "But if you can't concentrate any better than you're doing now, you'll *never* make a touchdown tomorrow!"

Porky and Cicero exchanged martyred glances. "Touchdowns are in football," Cicero explained, patiently. He watched Petunia shrug as she carried the empty basket into the house.

"I certainly hope we can explain the difference between a touchdown and a homerun to Petunia before tomorrow's game," Cicero muttered, after Petunia had left.

"Do you know the difference?" a voice asked sarcastically.

Cicero and Porky wheeled around to face Terrible Terry and a couple of members of the Wildcat baseball team.

"If you've got your bat with you," Cicero said evenly, "I'll let you see for yourself if I know the difference!"

Porky offered to catch, and Terry's teammates crouched in the grass to cheer their idol on. Cicero blew on his hands, counted to three, and wound up for a tricky pitch. He hoped he would not muff this chance to show up Terry

K-RACK! The ball went straight and long and smashed into the clothes hanging on the line!

"*Oh, no!*" Cicero cried. "*That* does it!"

"It certainly does," Petunia said angrily, coming down the back steps. "Whoever hit that ball can just come and wash and hang up all those clothes again!"

"Porky and I will help!" Cicero volunteered.

"Don't be so free with my services," Porky protested, mildly

"Huh! On second thought, I won't even need you two," Petunia told them "Terry will do very nicely" And winking at Cicero, she added, "better get on with your practice! From what I saw, you'll *need* to!"

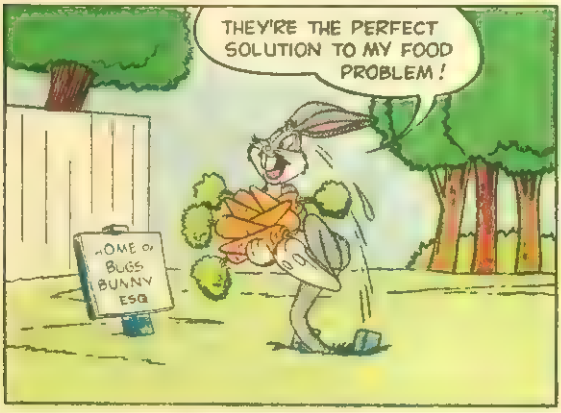
The next day, the Wildcats were in despair as their chief hitter struck out again and again. Petunia and Porky cheered, as Cicero's team went on to victory

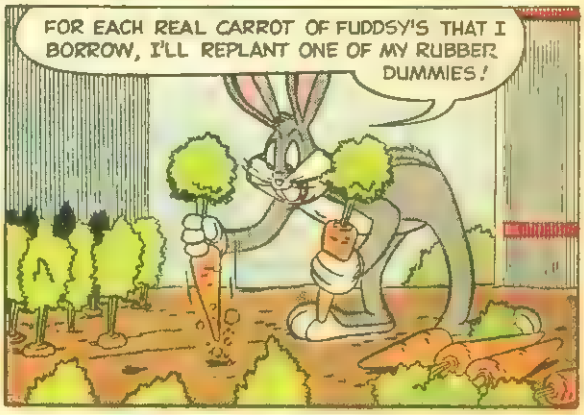
On their way home, Cicero was so happy he thought he would burst. "How did you like my pitching?" he asked, triumphantly. "Guess it wore Terrible Terry to a frazzle!"

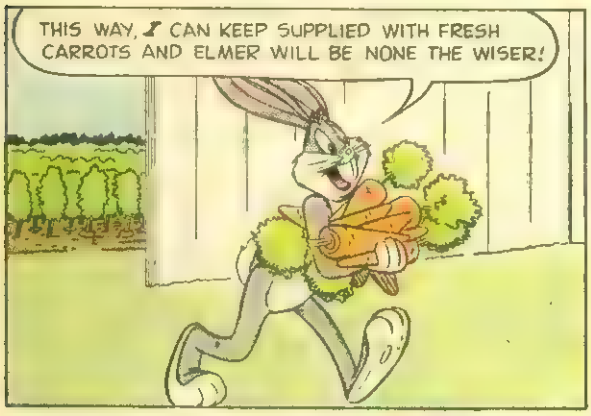
"Your pitch was okay, I guess," Petunia said. "Your team made enough touch — er — homeruns." Then, Petunia laughed. "But I'll betcha Terrible Terry's arm was pretty tired from handing me all of those clothespins! Ever think of that?"

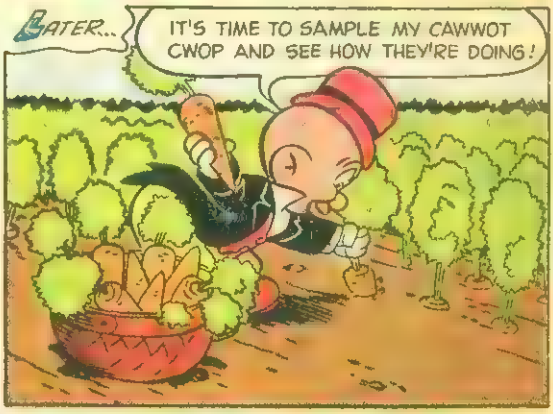
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC
present

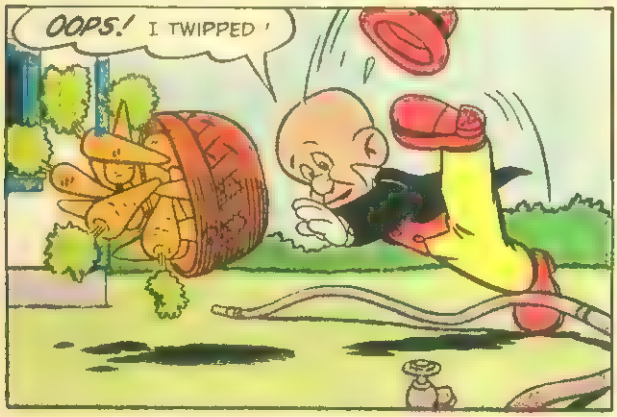
BUGS BUNNY

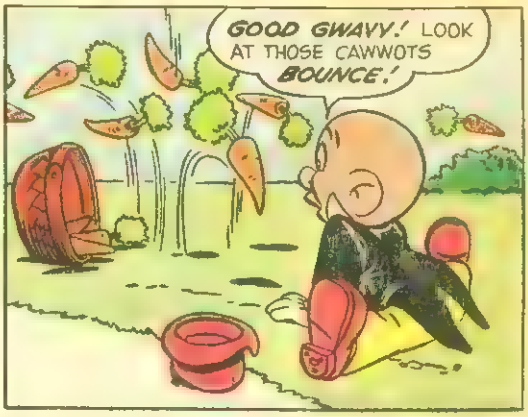


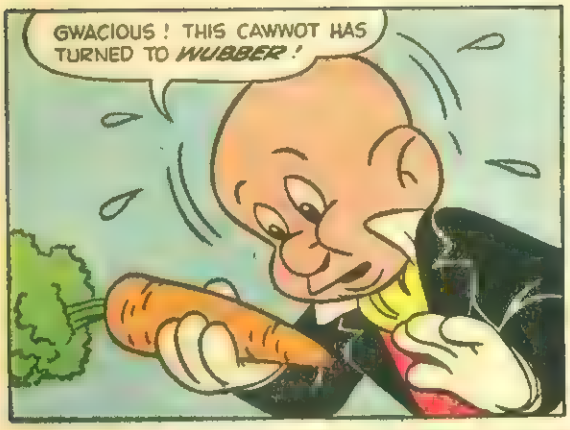


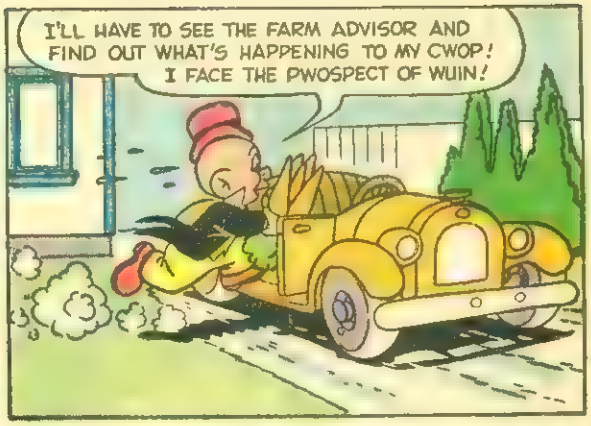


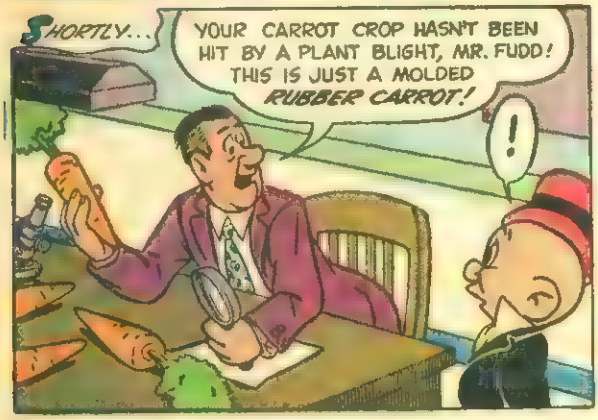


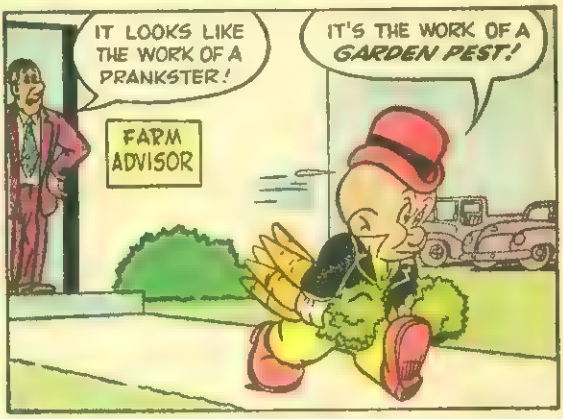


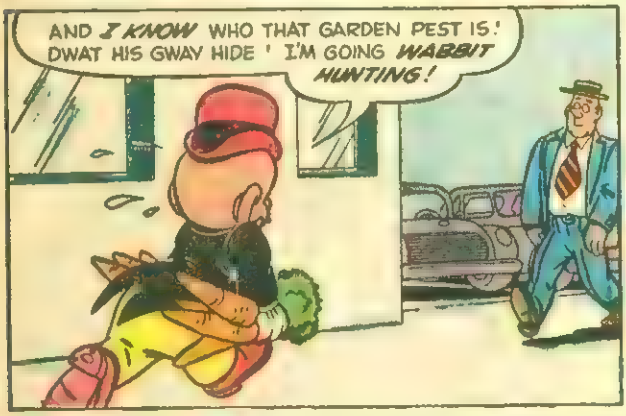


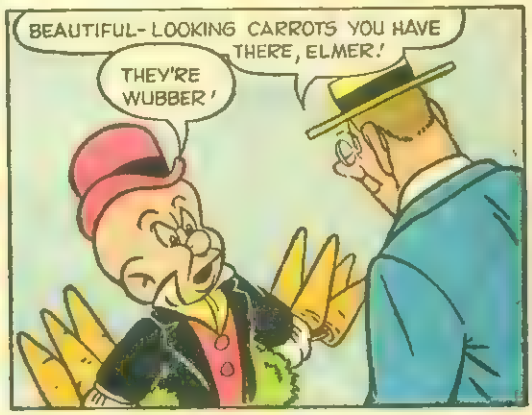

GWACIOUS ! THIS CAWWOT HAS TURNED TO WUBBER !

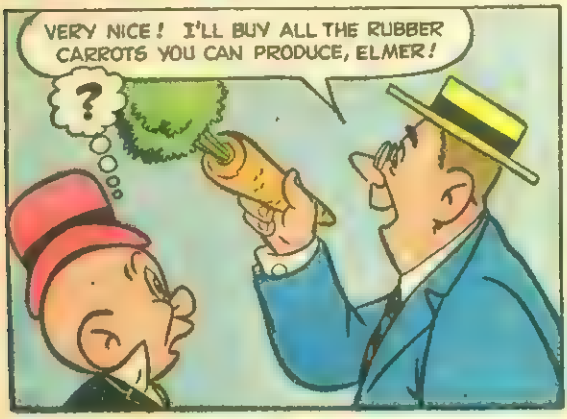

I'LL HAVE TO SEE THE FARM ADVISOR AND FIND OUT WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY CWOP! I FACE THE PWOSPECT OF WUIN!

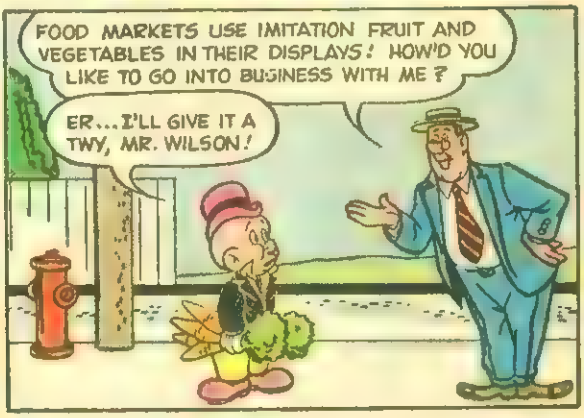

SHORTLY...
YOUR CARROT CROP HASN'T BEEN HIT BY A PLANT BLIGHT, MR. FUDD! THIS IS JUST A MOLDED RUBBER CARROT!
!

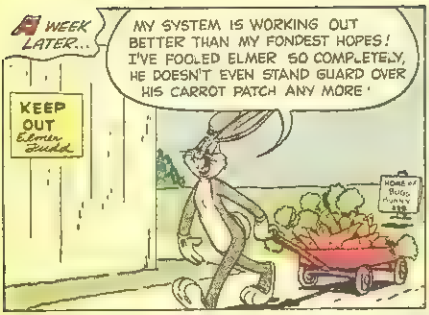

IT LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF A PRANKSTER!
IT'S THE WORK OF A GARDEN PEST!
FARM ADVISOR

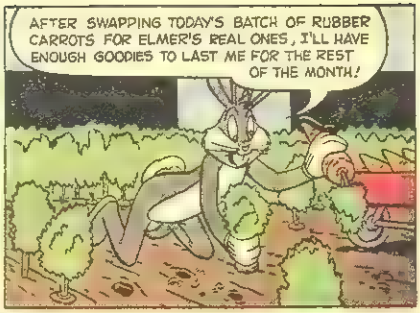

AND I KNOW WHO THAT GARDEN PEST IS! DWAT HIS GWAY HIDE ! I'M GOING WABBIT HUNTING!

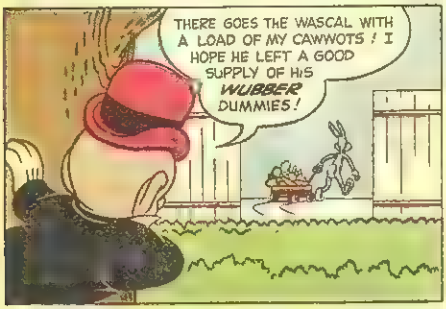

BEAUTIFUL-LOOKING CARROTS YOU HAVE THERE, ELMER!
THEY'RE WUBBER!

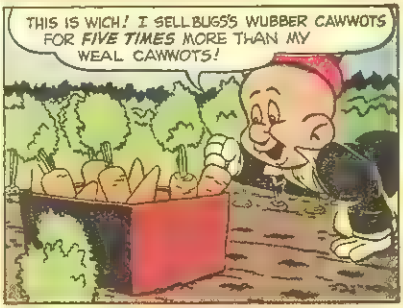

VERY NICE! I'LL BUY ALL THE RUBBER CARROTS YOU CAN PRODUCE, ELMER!
?

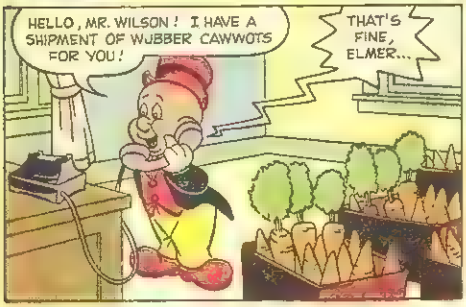

FOOD MARKETS USE IMITATION FRUIT AND VEGETABLES IN THEIR DISPLAYS! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GO INTO BUSINESS WITH ME?
ER... I'LL GIVE IT A TWY, MR. WILSON!

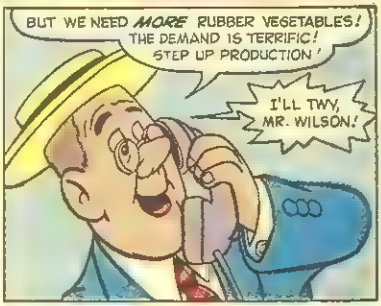

A WEEK LATER...
MY SYSTEM IS WORKING OUT BETTER THAN MY FONDEST HOPES! I'VE FOOLED ELMER SO COMPLETELY, HE DOESN'T EVEN STAND GUARD OVER HIS CARROT PATCH ANY MORE!
KEEP OUT Elmer Fudd

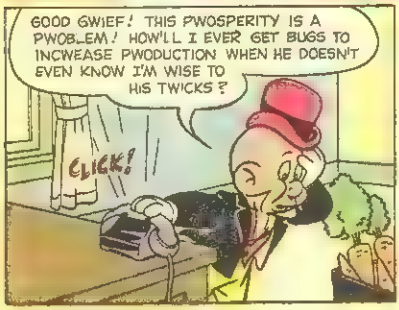

AFTER SWAPPING TODAY'S BATCH OF RUBBER CARROTS FOR ELMER'S REAL ONES, I'LL HAVE ENOUGH GOODIES TO LAST ME FOR THE REST OF THE MONTH!

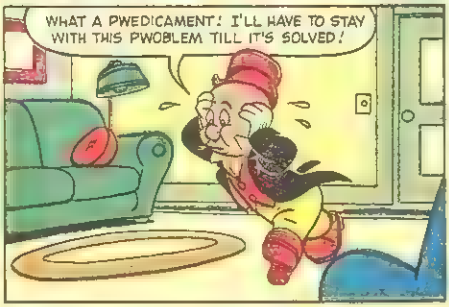

THERE GOES THE WASCAL WITH A LOAD OF MY CAWWOTS! I HOPE HE LEFT A GOOD SUPPLY OF HIS WUBBER DUMMIES!

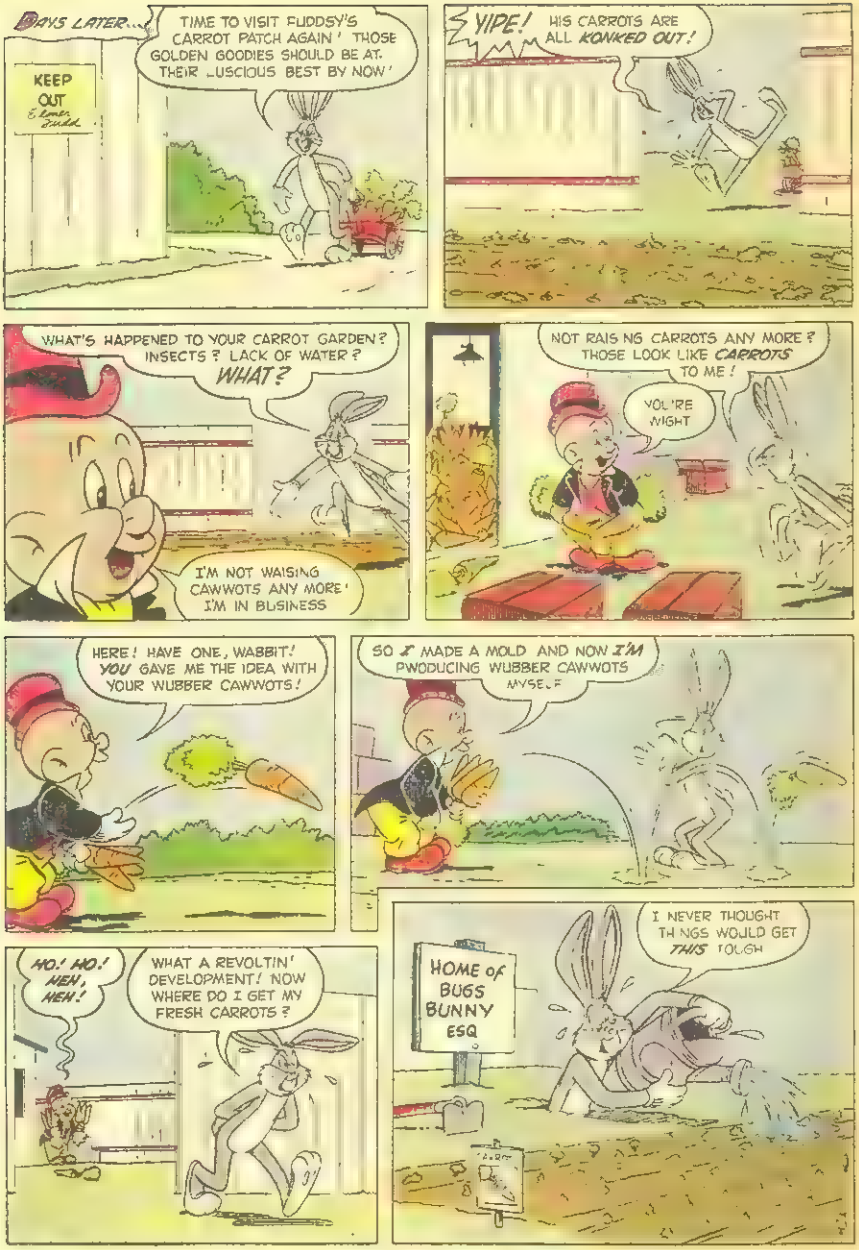

THIS IS WICH! I SELL BUGS'S WUBBER CAWWOTS FOR FIVE TIMES MORE THAN MY WEAL CAWWOTS!


HELLO, MR. WILSON! I HAVE A SHIPMENT OF WUBBER CAWWOTS FOR YOU!
THAT'S FINE, ELMER...


BUT WE NEED MORE RUBBER VEGETABLES! THE DEMAND IS TERRIFIC! STEP UP PRODUCTION!
I'LL TWY, MR. WILSON!


GOOD GWIEF! THIS PWOSPERITY IS A PWOBLEM! HOW'LL I EVER GET BUGS TO INCWEASE PWODUCTION WHEN HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I'M WISE TO HIS TWICKS?
CLICK!


WHAT A PWEDICAMENT! I'LL HAVE TO STAY WITH THIS PWOBLEM TILL IT'S SOLVED!

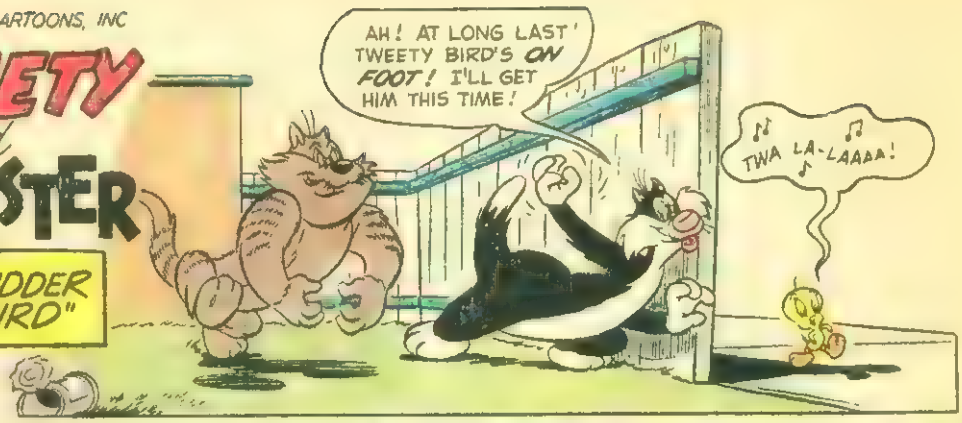

DAYS LATER...
TIME TO VISIT FUDDSY'S CARROT PATCH AGAIN! THOSE GOLDEN GOODIES SHOULD BE AT THEIR LUSCIOUS BEST BY NOW!
KEEP OUT
YIPE! HIS CARROTS ARE ALL KONKED OUT!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR CARROT GARDEN? INSECTS? LACK OF WATER? WHAT?
I'M NOT WAISING CAWWOTS ANY MORE! I'M IN BUSINESS
NOT RAIS NG CARROTS ANY MORE? THOSE LOOK LIKE CARROTS TO ME!
YOU'RE RIGHT
HERE! HAVE ONE, WABBIT! YOU GAVE ME THE IDEA WITH YOUR WUBBER CAWWOTS!
SO I MADE A MOLD AND NOW I'M PWODUCING WUBBER CAWWOTS MYSELF
HO! HO! HEH, HEH!
WHAT A REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT! NOW WHERE DO I GET MY FRESH CARROTS?
HOME of BUGS BUNNY ESQ
I NEVER THOUGHT TH NGS WOULD GET THIS TOUGH

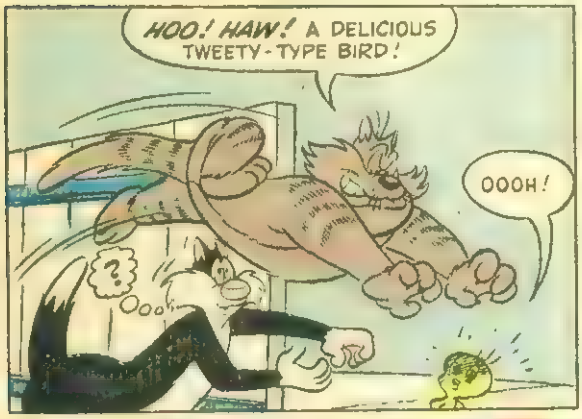
WARNER BROS CARTOONS, INC
present

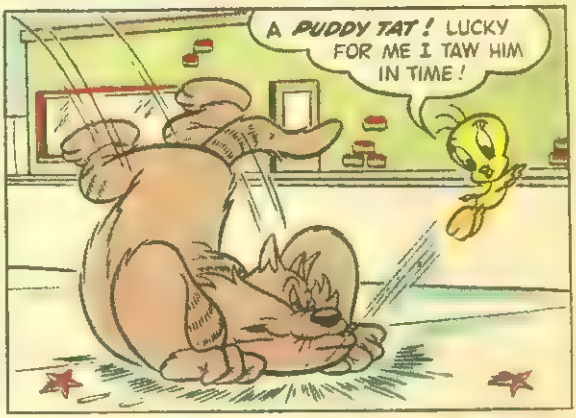
TWEETY and SYLVESTER

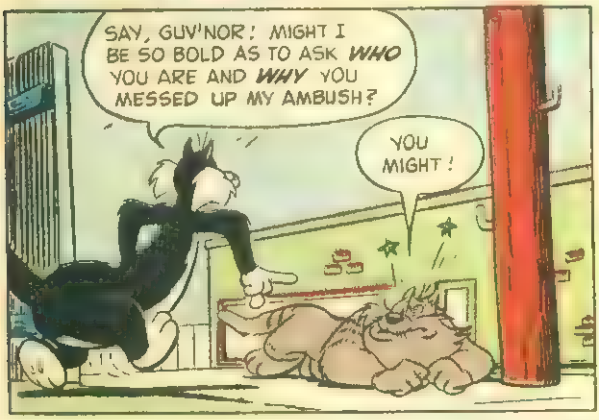
in

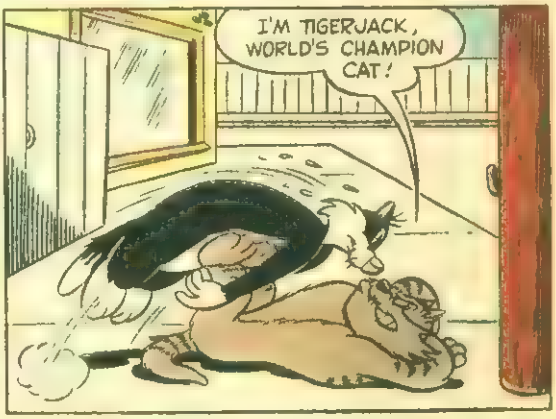
"The MUDDER BIRD"

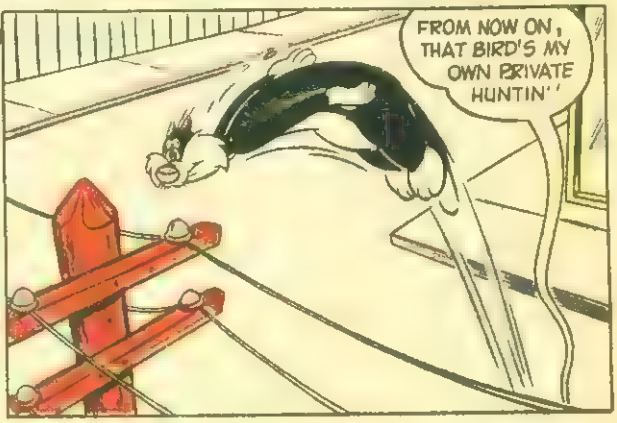


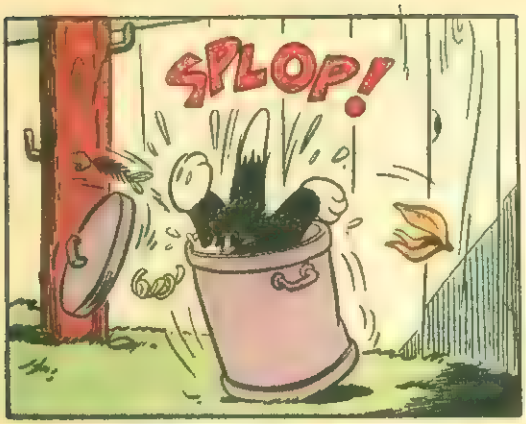


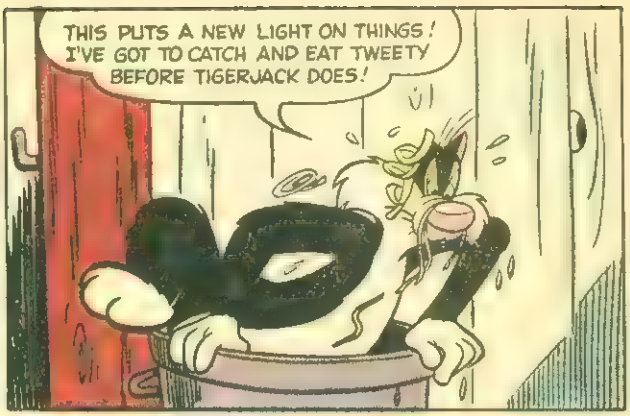


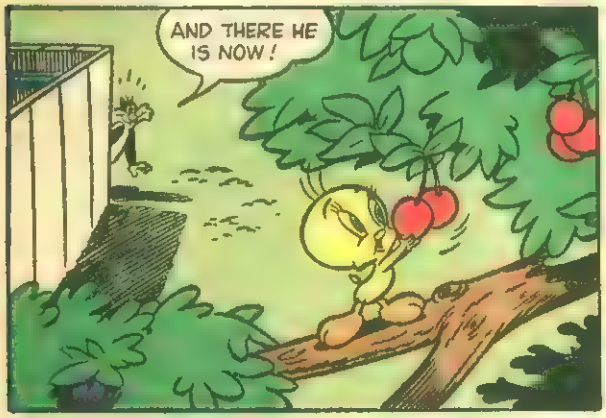


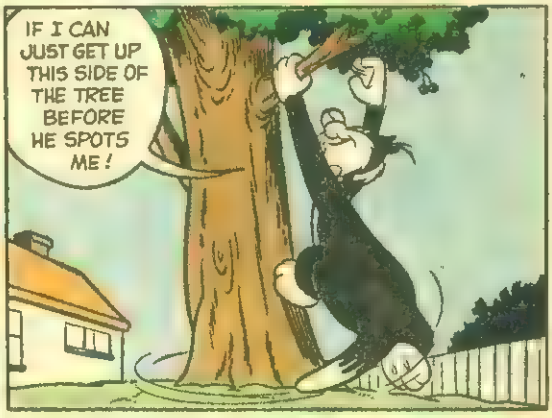


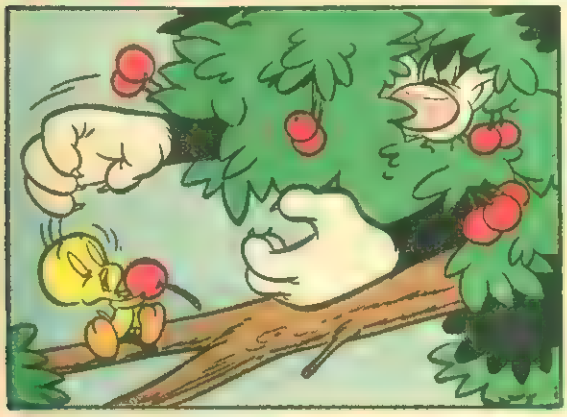


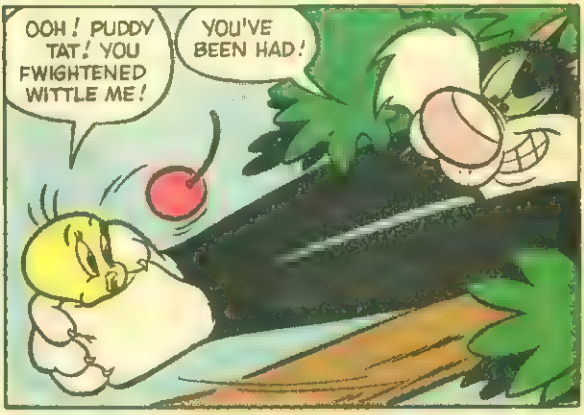

SPLOP!

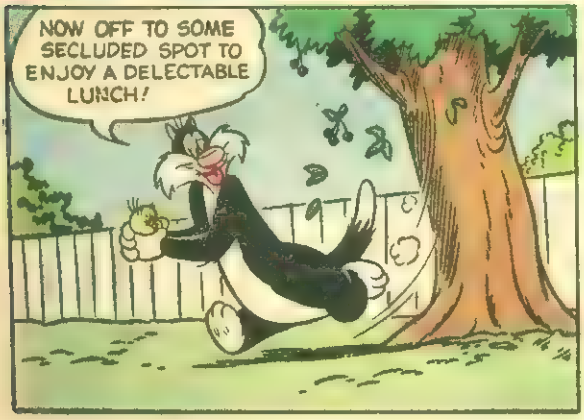

THIS PUTS A NEW LIGHT ON THINGS! I'VE GOT TO CATCH AND EAT TWEETY BEFORE TIGERJACK DOES!


AND THERE HE IS NOW!

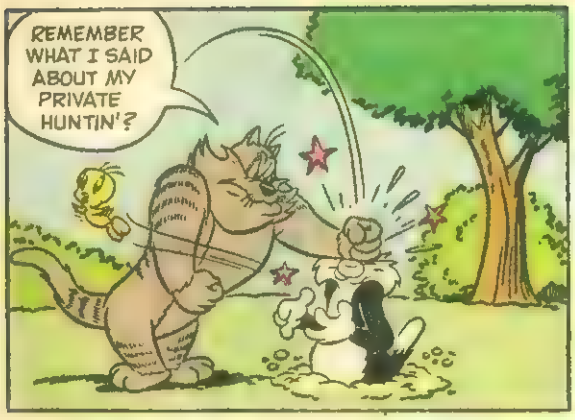

IF I CAN JUST GET UP THIS SIDE OF THE TREE BEFORE HE SPOTS ME!

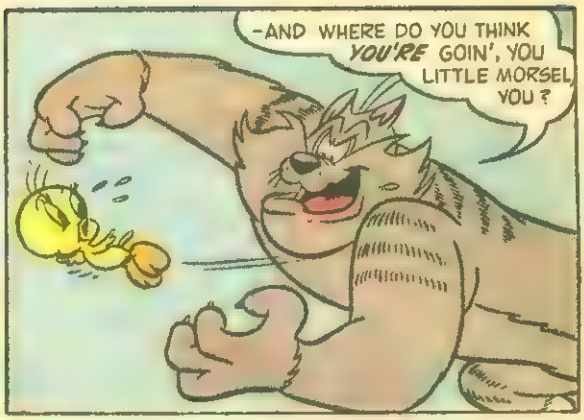


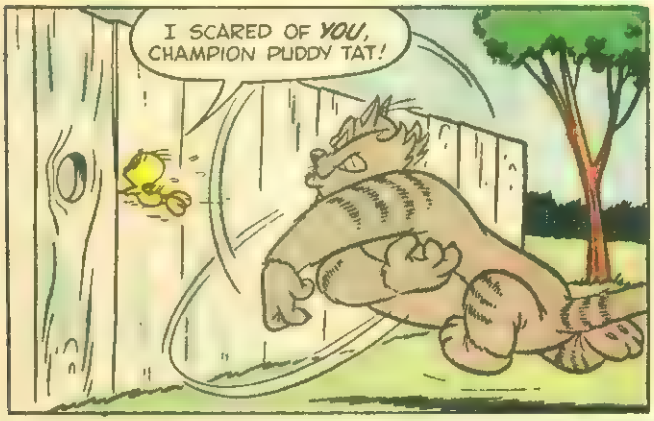

OOH! PUDDY TAT! YOU FWIGHTENED WITTLE ME!
YOU'VE BEEN HAD!

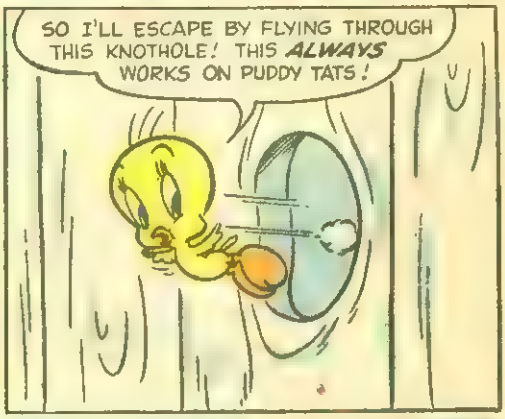

NOW OFF TO SOME SECLUDED SPOT TO ENJOY A DELECTABLE LUNCH!

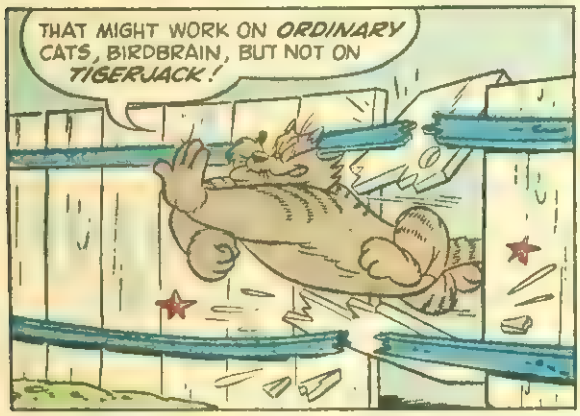
HELLO, PUSSYCAT!
GERK!

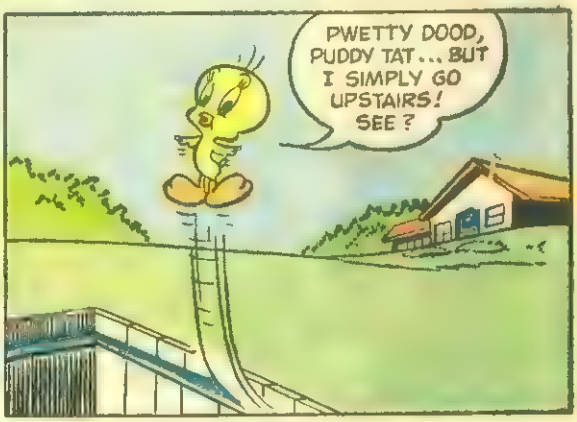

REMEMBER WHAT I SAID ABOUT MY PRIVATE HUNTIN'?

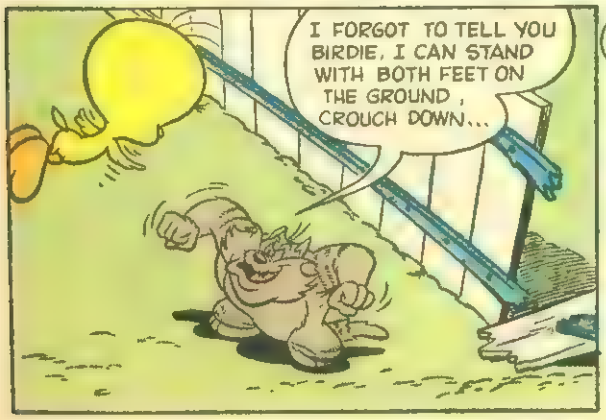

-AND WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN', YOU LITTLE MORSEL, YOU?


I SCARED OF YOU, CHAMPION PUDDY TAT!

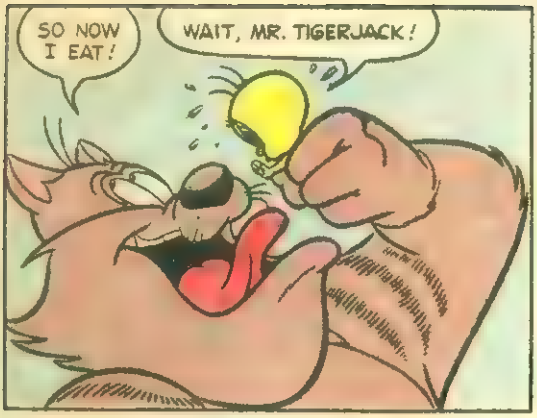

SO I'LL ESCAPE BY FLYING THROUGH THIS KNOTHOLE! THIS ALWAYS WORKS ON PUDDY TATS!

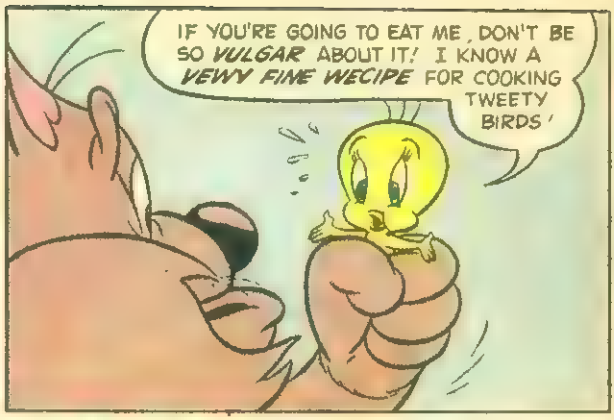

THAT MIGHT WORK ON ORDINARY CATS, BIRDBRAIN, BUT NOT ON TIGERJACK!

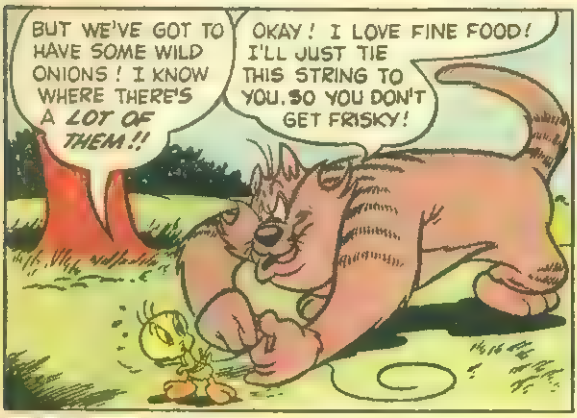

PWETTY DOOD, PUDDY TAT... BUT I SIMPLY GO UPSTAIRS! SEE?

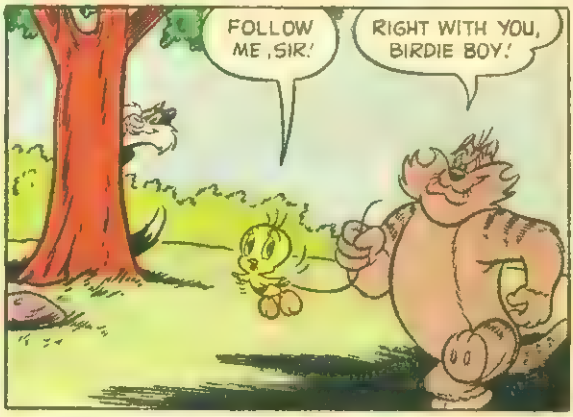

I FORGOT TO TELL YOU BIRDIE, I CAN STAND WITH BOTH FEET ON THE GROUND, CROUCH DOWN...

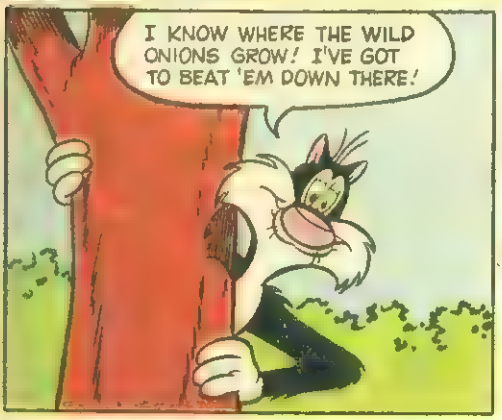
...AND JUMP FIFTEEN FEET IN THE AIR!
PROING!

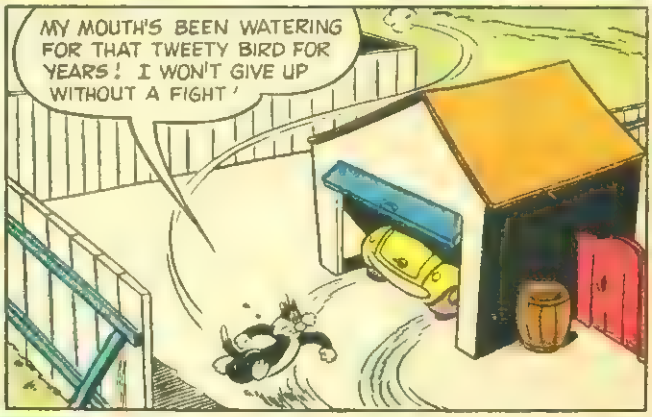

SO NOW I EAT!
WAIT, MR. TIGERJACK!

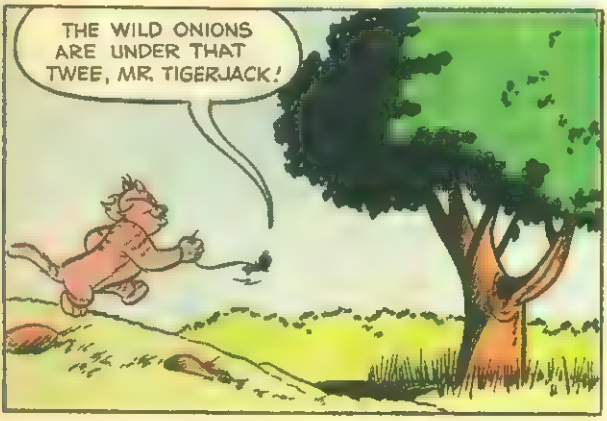

IF YOU'RE GOING TO EAT ME, DON'T BE SO *VULGAR* ABOUT IT! I KNOW A *VEWY FINE WECIPE* FOR COOKING TWEETY BIRDS!


BUT WE'VE GOT TO HAVE SOME WILD ONIONS! I KNOW WHERE THERE'S A *LOT OF THEM!!*
OKAY! I LOVE FINE FOOD! I'LL JUST TIE THIS STRING TO YOU, SO YOU DON'T GET FRISKY!

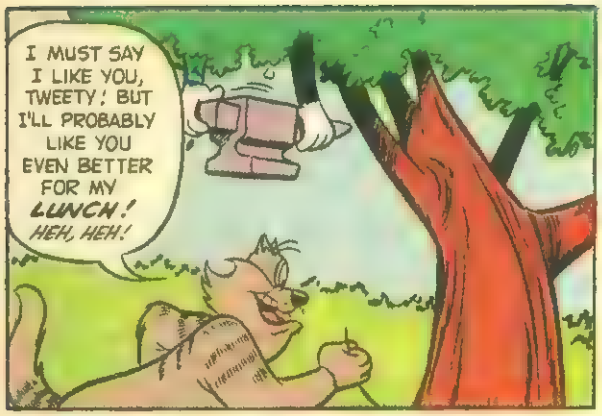

FOLLOW ME, SIR!
RIGHT WITH YOU, BIRDIE BOY!

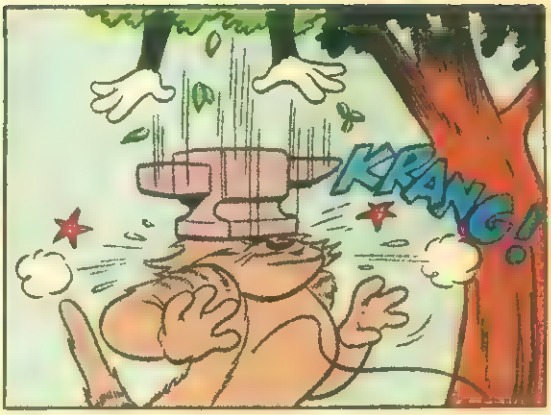

I KNOW WHERE THE WILD ONIONS GROW! I'VE GOT TO BEAT 'EM DOWN THERE!

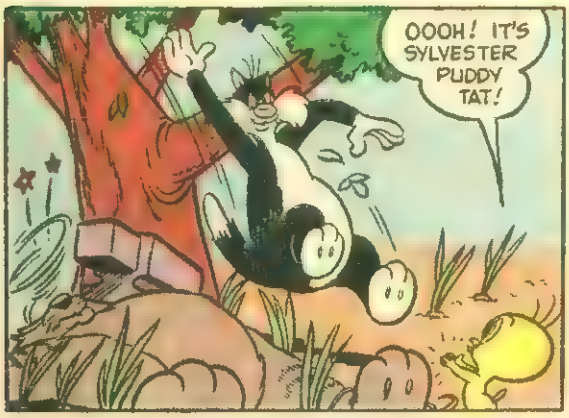

MY MOUTH'S BEEN WATERING FOR THAT TWEETY BIRD FOR YEARS! I WON'T GIVE UP WITHOUT A FIGHT!

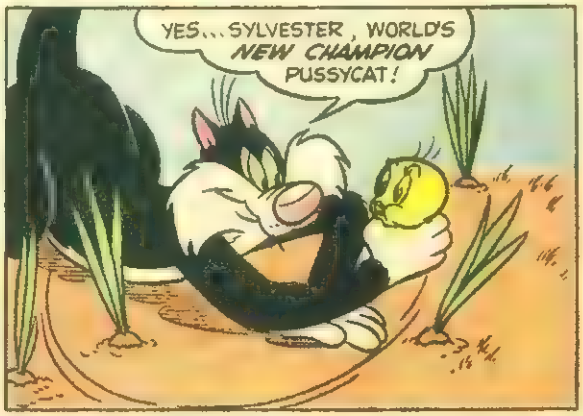

THE WILD ONIONS ARE UNDER THAT TWEE, MR. TIGERJACK!

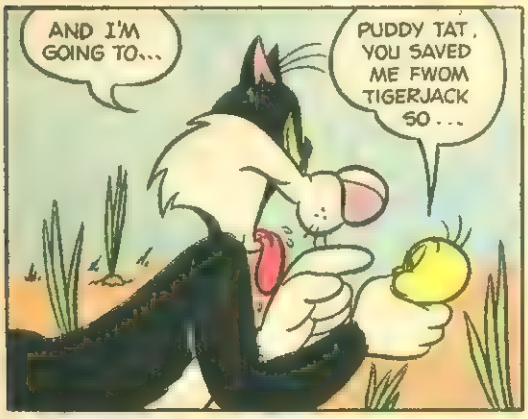
THEY WEALLY GIVE A FLAVOR TO WOAST TWEETY BIRDS—AND IF I'M GOING TO BE EATEN, I WANT TO BE EATEN *IN STYLE!*

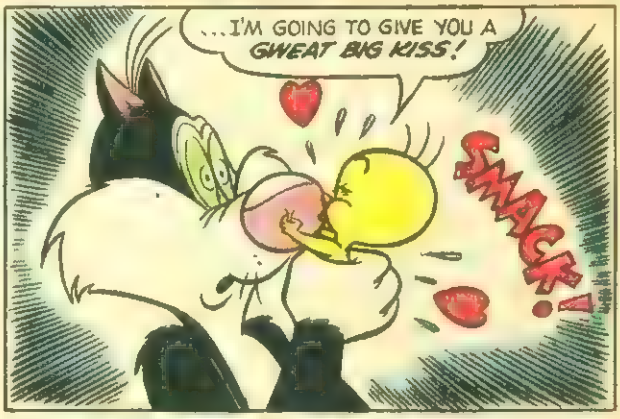

I MUST SAY I LIKE YOU, TWEETY! BUT I'LL PROBABLY LIKE YOU EVEN BETTER FOR MY LUNCH! HEH, HEH!

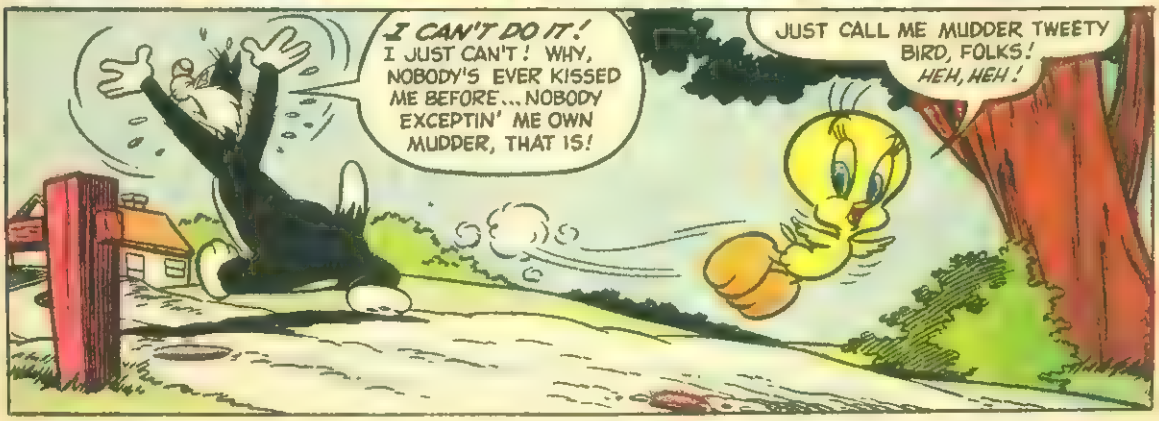

KRANG!


OOOH! IT'S SYLVESTER PUDDY TAT!


YES... SYLVESTER, WORLD'S NEW CHAMPION PUSSYCAT!

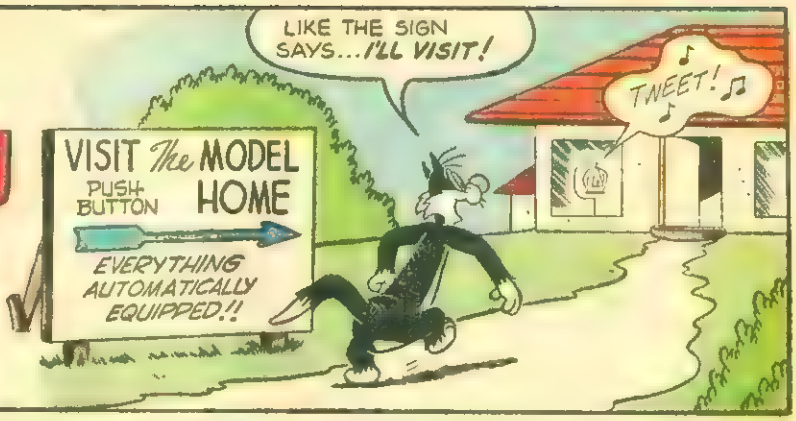

AND I'M GOING TO...
PUDDY TAT, YOU SAVED ME FWOM TIGERJACK SO...

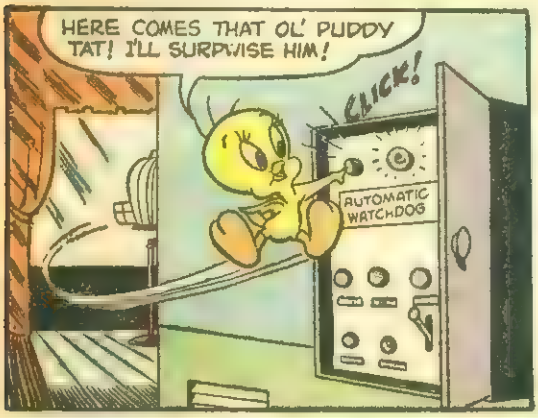

...I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A GWEAT BIG KISS!
SMACK!

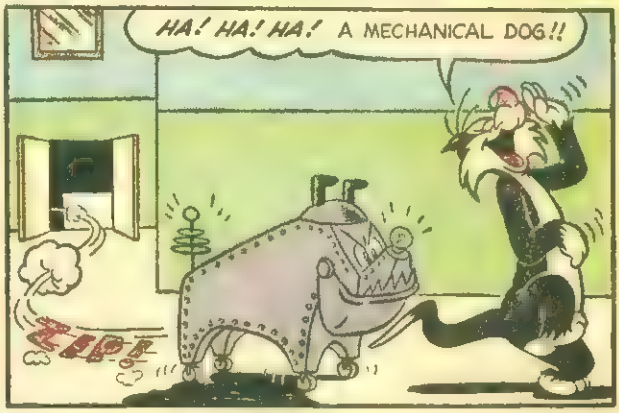

I CAN'T DO IT! I JUST CAN'T! WHY, NOBODY'S EVER KISSED ME BEFORE... NOBODY EXCEPTIN' ME OWN MUDDER, THAT IS!
JUST CALL ME MUDDER TWEETY BIRD, FOLKS! HEH, HEH!

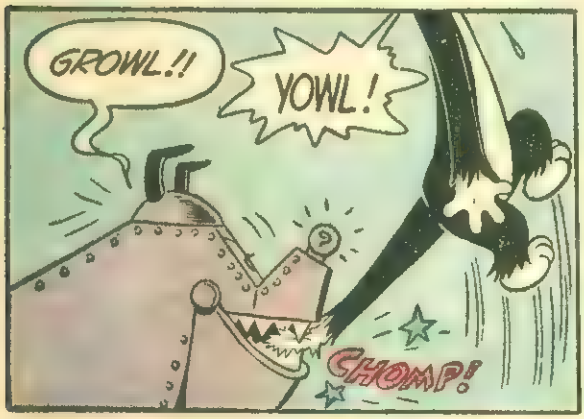
WARNER BROS. CARTOONS, INC. present

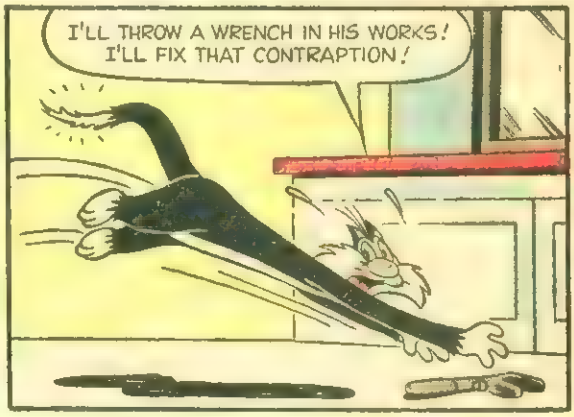
TWEETY and SYLVESTER in "HOME TWEET HOME"

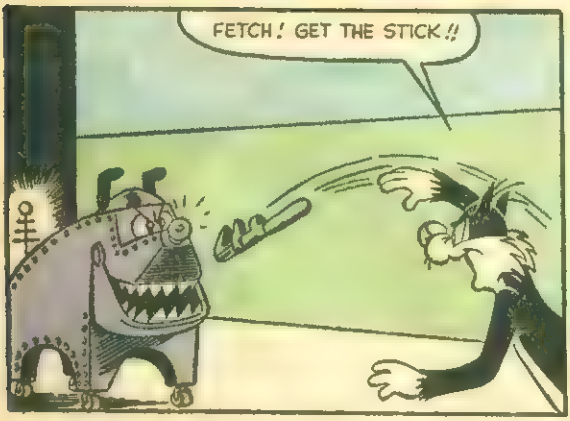


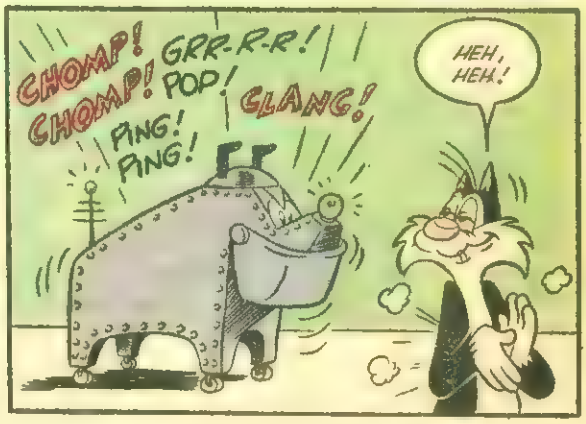


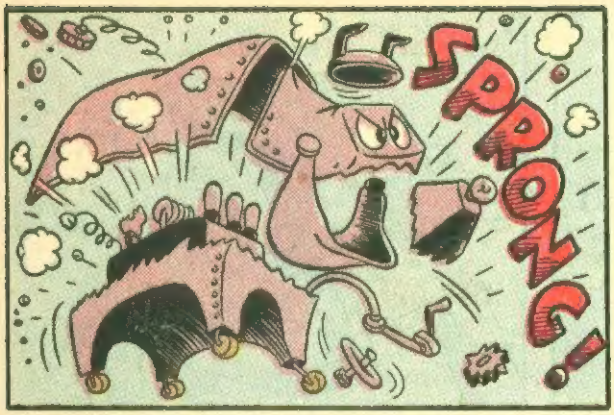


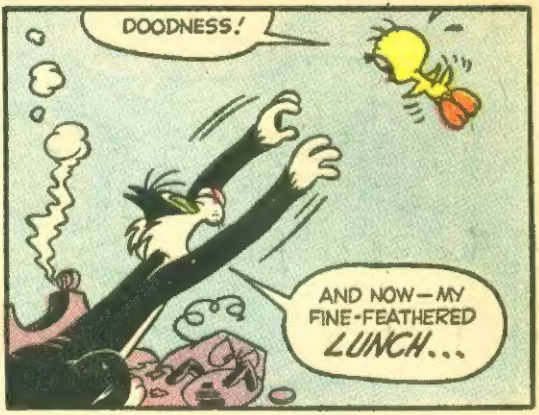


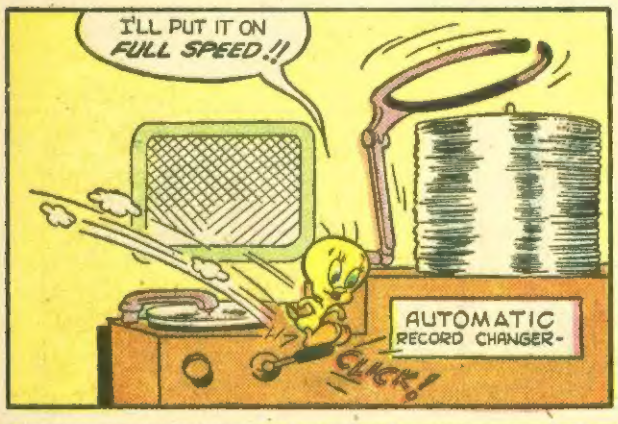


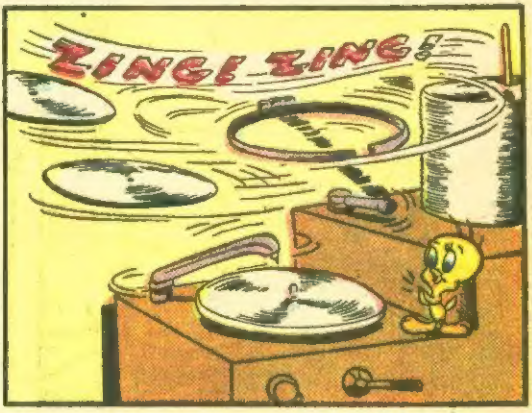


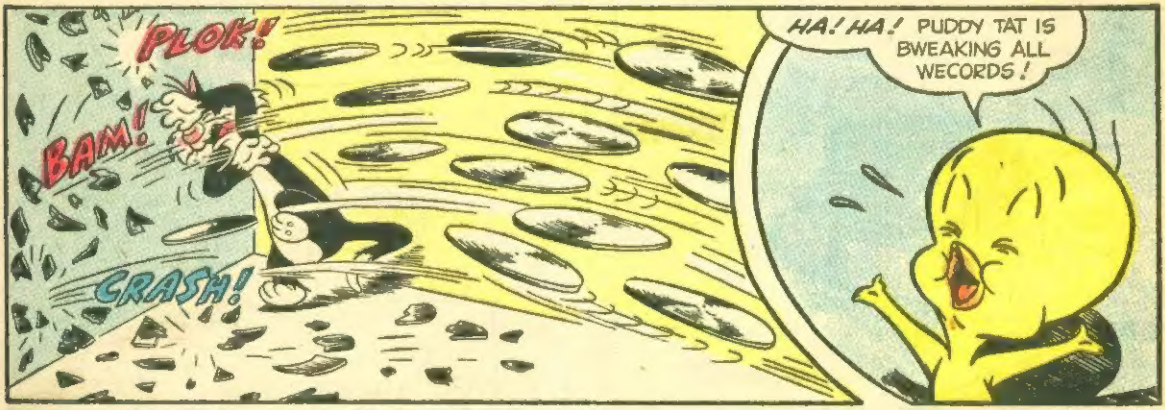


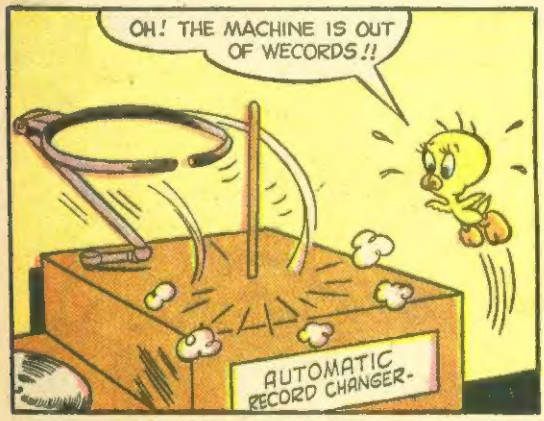

SPRONG!

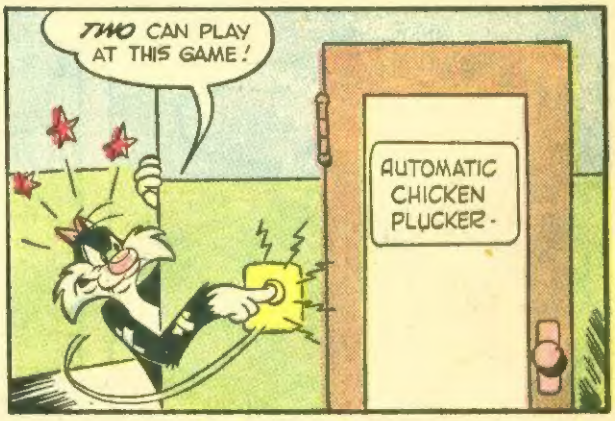

DOODNESS!
AND NOW—MY FINE-FEATHERED LUNCH...

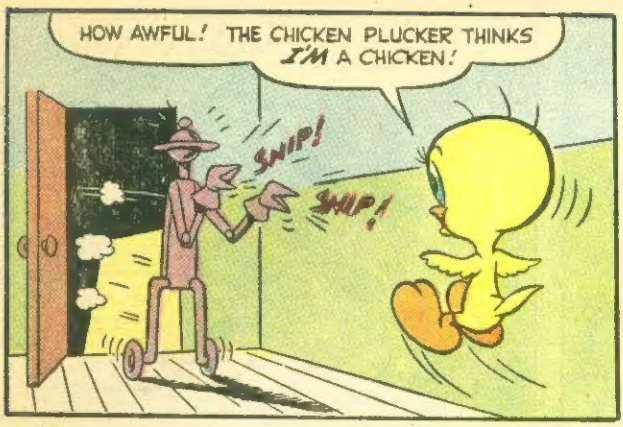

I'LL PUT IT ON FULL SPEED!!
AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER-
CLICK!

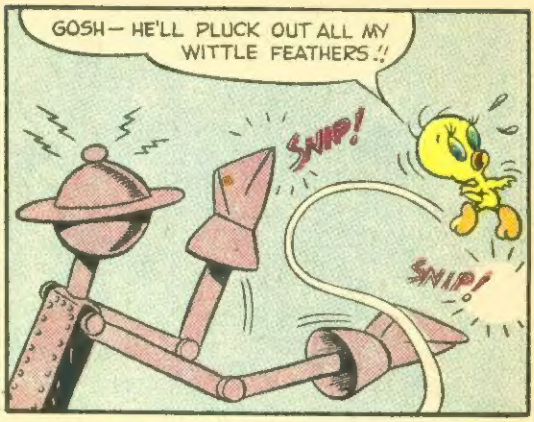

ZING! ZING!

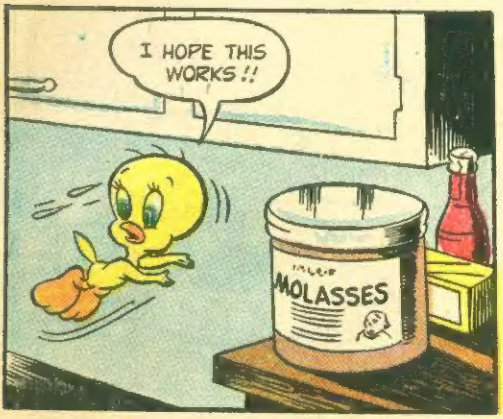

PLOK!
BAM!
CRASH!
HA! HA! PUDDY TAT IS BWEAKING ALL WECORDS!

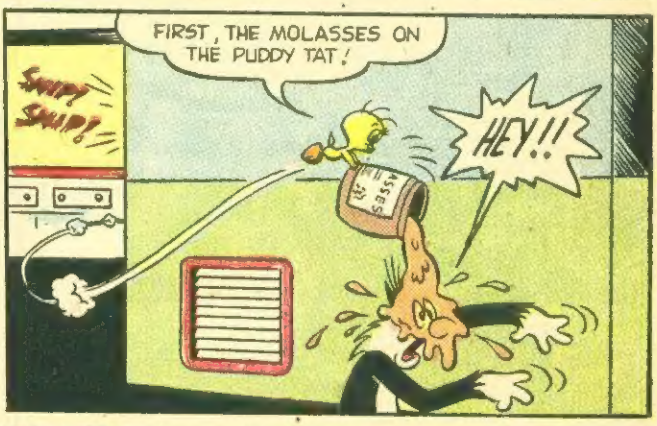

OH! THE MACHINE IS OUT OF WECORDS!!
AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER-

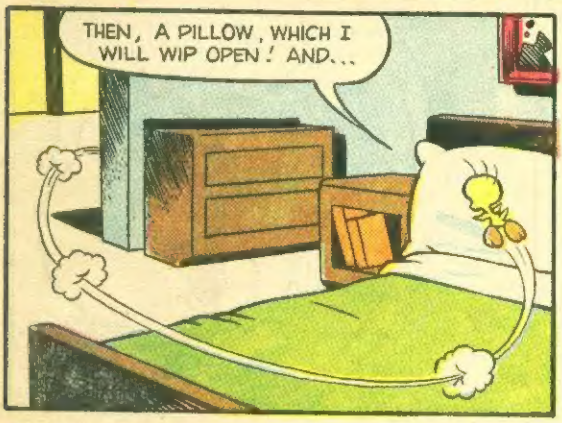

TWO CAN PLAY AT THIS GAME!
AUTOMATIC CHICKEN PLUCKER-

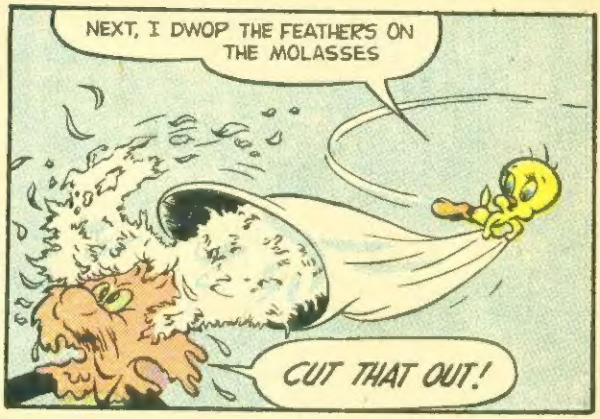

HOW AWFUL! THE CHICKEN PLUCKER THINKS I'M A CHICKEN!
SNIP!
SNIP!

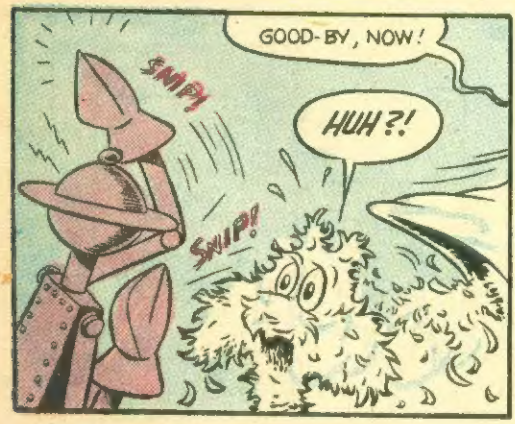

GOSH— HE'LL PLUCK OUT ALL MY WITTLE FEATHERS!!
SNIP!
SNIP!

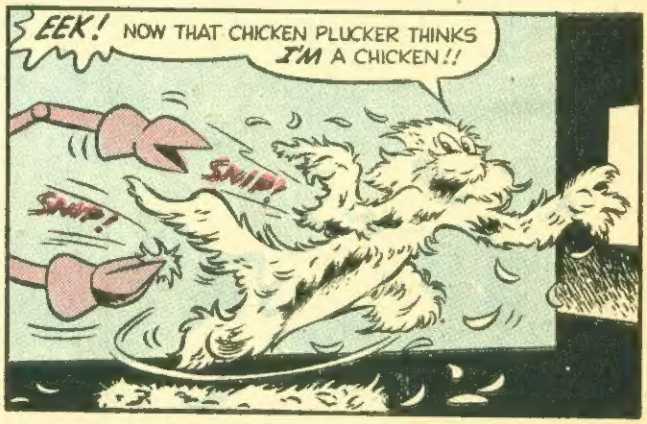

I HOPE THIS WORKS!!
MOLASSES

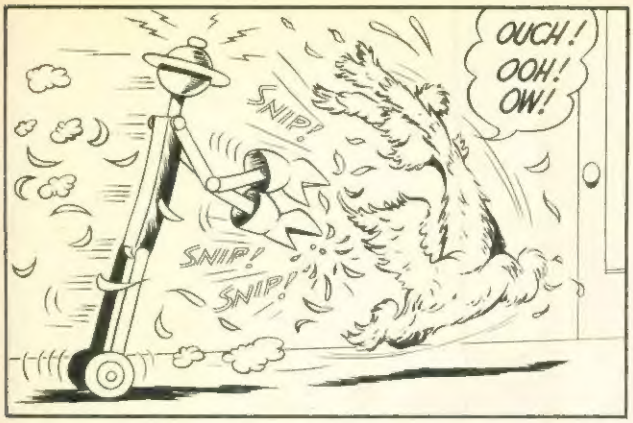

FIRST, THE MOLASSES ON THE PUDDY TAT!
SNIP! SNIP!
HEY!!

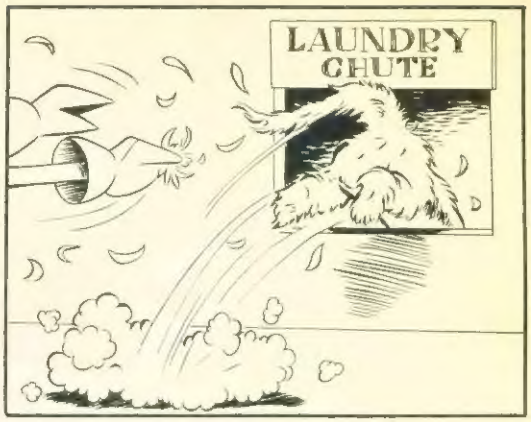

THEN, A PILLOW, WHICH I WILL WIP OPEN! AND...

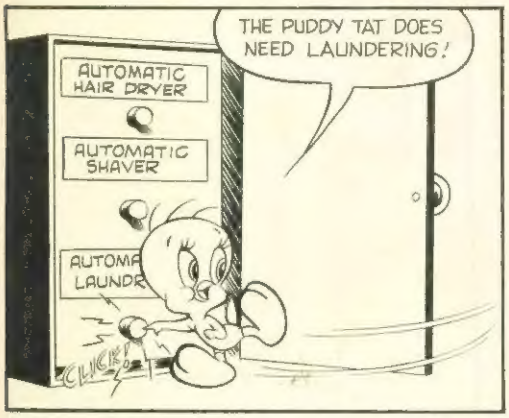

NEXT, I DWOP THE FEATHERS ON THE MOLASSES
CUT THAT OUT!

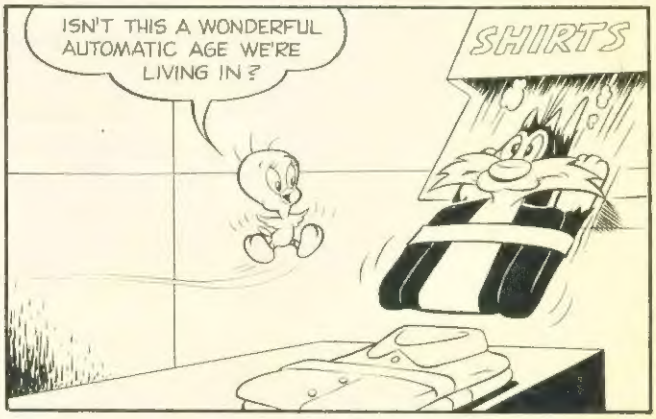

GOOD-BY, NOW!
SNIP!
HUH?!
SNIP!

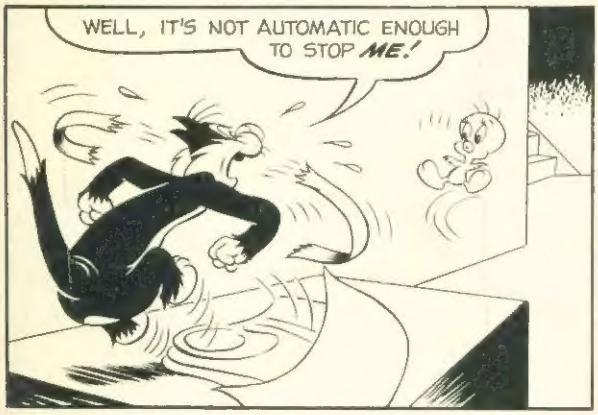

EEK! NOW THAT CHICKEN PLUCKER THINKS I'M A CHICKEN!!
SNIP!
SNIP!


OUCH!
OOH!
OW!
SNIP!
SNIP!
SNIP!


LAUNDRY CHUTE

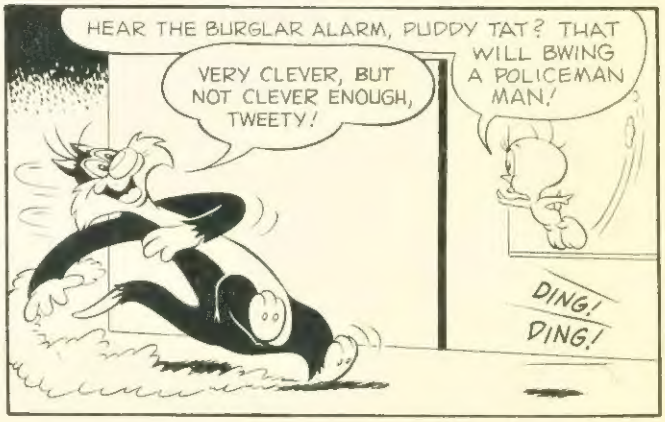

THE PUDDY TAT DOES NEED LAUNDERING!
AUTOMATIC HAIR DRYER
AUTOMATIC SHAVER
AUTOMA LAUNDR
CLICK!

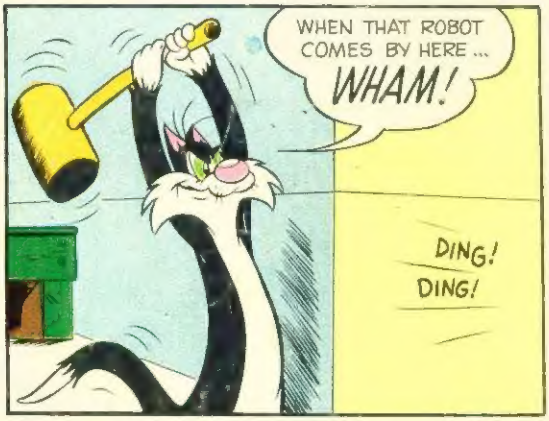

ISN'T THIS A WONDERFUL AUTOMATIC AGE WE'RE LIVING IN?
SHIRTS

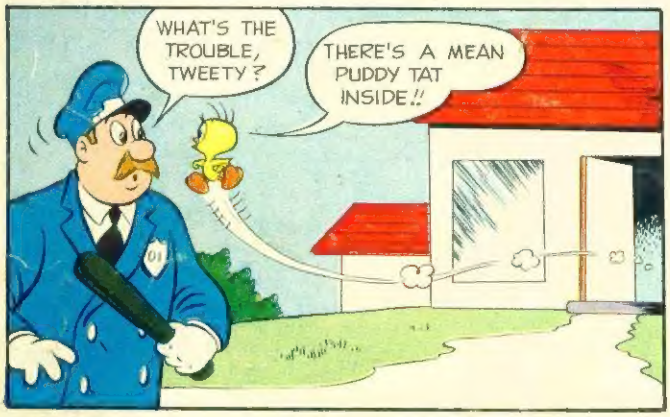

WELL, IT'S NOT AUTOMATIC ENOUGH TO STOP ME!

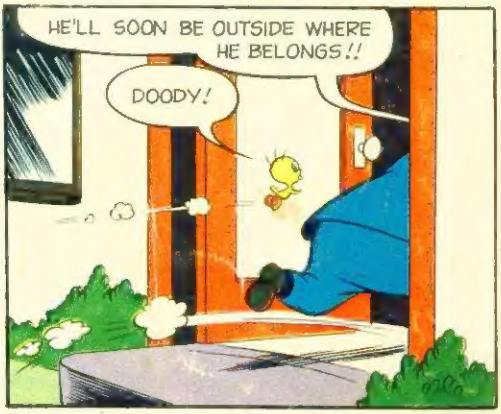
ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS KEEP YOU AWAY FROM THOSE PUSH BUTTONS!

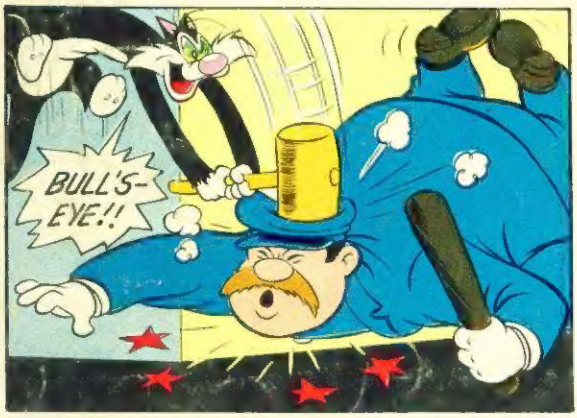
BURGLAR ALARM
CLICK!
THIS WILL GET WID OF HIM ONCE AND FOR ALL!

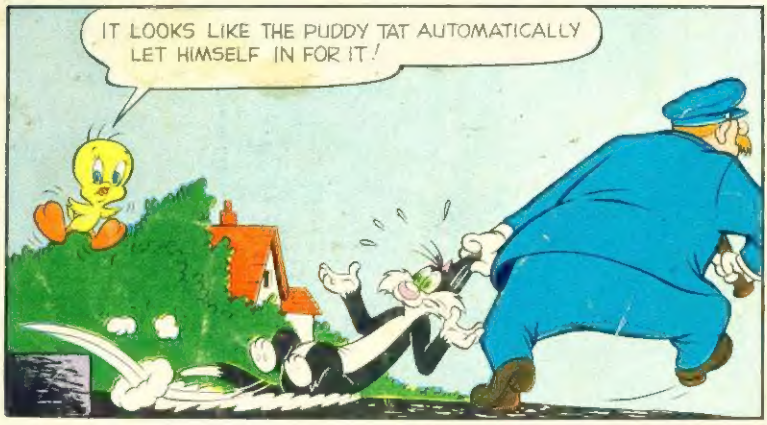

HEAR THE BURGLAR ALARM, PUDDY TAT? THAT WILL BWING A POLICEMAN MAN!
VERY CLEVER, BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH, TWEETY!
DING! DING!











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